

ULYSSES:

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

*Stultorum Regum & Populorum continet æstus--
Rursus quid Virtus, & quid Sapientia possit
Utile proposuit Nobis exemplar Ulyssæm.*

Horat. Epist. Lib. 1. Epist. 2.

THE SECOND EDITION, Revis'd.



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ALYSSA:

TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TWO FATHERS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1811.

Price 1s. 6d.

By the same Author, "THE TWO FATHERS," &c.

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To the Right Honourable

Sidney Lord Godolphin,

*Lord High-Treasurer of England, and
Knight of the most Noble Order of the
Garter.*

MY LORD,



IF those Cares in which the Service of a Great QUEEN, and the Love of Your Country, have so justly engag'd Your Lordship, would allow any Leisure to run back and remember those Arts and Studies, which were once the Grace and Entertainment of Your Lordship's Youth ; I have Presumption enough to hope, that this Tragedy may, some Time or other, find an Hour to divert Your Lordship. Poetry, which was so venerable to former Ages, as in many

The Dedication.

Places to make a Part of their Religious Worship, and every where to be had in the highest Honour and Esteem, has miserably languish'd and been despis'd, for want of that Favour and Protection which it found in the famous *Augustan* Age. Since then, it may be asserted without any Partiality to the present Time, it never had a fairer Prospect of lifting up its Head, and returning to its former Reputation, than now : And the best Reason can be given for it, is, that it seems to have a particular Hope from, and Dependence upon Your Lordship, and to expect all just Encouragement, when those Great Men, who have the Power to protect it, have so delicate and polite a Taste and Understanding of its true Value. The Restoring and Preserving any Part of Learning, is so generous an Action in it self, that it naturally falls into Your Lordship's Province, since every Thing that may serve to improve the Mind, has a Right to the Patronage of so great and universal a Genius for Knowledge as Your Lordship's. It is indeed a Piece of good Fortune, upon which I cannot help congratulating the present Age, that there is so
Great

The Dedication.

Great a Man, at a Time, when there is so great an Occasion for him. The Divisions which Your Lordship has heal'd, the Temper which You have restor'd to our Councils, and that indefatigable Care and Diligence which You have us'd in preserving our Peace at Home, are Benefits so virtuously and so seasonably conferr'd upon Your Country, as shall draw the Praises of all wise Men, and the Blessings of all good Men upon Your Lordship's Name. And when those unreasonable Feuds and Animosities, which keep Faction alive, shall be bury'd in silence and forgotten, that great publick Good shall be universally acknowledg'd, as the happy Effect of Your Lordship's most equal Temper and right Understanding. That this Glorious End may very suddenly succeed to Your Lordship's Candor and generous Endeavours after it, must be the Wish of every good *Englishman*. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

Humble Servant,

N. ROWE



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

T^O Night, in Honour of the marry'd Life,
Our Author treats you with a Virtuous Wife;
A Lady, who for Twenty Years, withstood
The pressing Instances of Flesh and Blood;
Her Husband, still a Man of Sense reputed,
(Unless this Tale his Wisdom have confuted,)
Left her at ripe Eighteen, to seek Renown,
And Battle for a Harlot at Troy Town;
To fill his Place, fresh Lovers came in Shoals,
Much such as now a-Days are Cupid's Tools,
Some Men of Wit, but the most part were Fools.
They sent her Billets doux, and Presents many,
Of ancient Tea and Thericlean China;
Rail'd at the Gods, toasted her o'er and o'er,
Dress'd at Her, danc'd, and fought, and sigh'd, and swore;
In short, did all that Men could do to have her,
And damn'd themselves to get into her Favour;
But all in vain, the virtuous Dame stood Buff,
And let 'em know that she was Coxcomb Proof;
Messieurs the Beaux, what think you of the Matter!
Don't you believe old Homer given to Flatter?

When

PROLOGUE.

*When you approach, and pressing the soft Hand,
Favours, with well-bred Impudence, demand,
Is it in Woman's Weakness to withstand?*

*Cease to be vain, and give the Sex their Due ;
Our English Wives shall prove this Story true :
We have our chaste Penelope's, who mourn
Their Widow'd Beds, and wait their Lords Return ;
We have our Heroes too, who bravely bear,
Far from their Home, the Dangers of the War ;
Who careless of the Winter Season's Rage,
New Toils explore, and in new Cares engage ;
From Realm to Realm their Chief unwear'd goes,
And restless journies on, to give the World Repose.
Such are the constant Labours of the Sun,
Whose active, glorious Course is never done ;
And tho', when hence he parts, with us 'tis Night,
Still he goes on, and lends to other Worlds his Light.*

*Ye beauteous Nymphs, with open Arms prepare
To meet the Warriors, and reward their Care ;
May you for ever kind and faithful prove,
And pay their Days of Toil with Nights of Love.*





EP I L O G U E.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

JUST going to take Water, at the Stairs
I stopp'd, and came again to beg your Pray'rs;
You see how ill my Love has been repaid,
That I am like to live and die a Maid;
Poetick Rules and Justice to maintain,
I to the Woods am order'd back again,
To Madam Cinthia, and her Virgin Train.
'Tis an uncomfortable Life they lead;
Instead of Quilts and Down, the Silvan Bed
With Skins of Beasts, with Leaves and Moss is spread;
No Morning Toilets do their Chambers grace,
Where famous Pearl Cosmeticks find a Place,
With Powder for the Teeth, and Plaster for the Face.
But in Defiance of Complexion, they,
Like arrant Housewives, rise by Break of Day,
Cut 'a brown Crust, saddle their Nags and Mounting,
In scorn of the Green-Sickness ride a Hunting:
Tour Sal, and Harts-horn Drops, they deal not in;
They have no Vapours, nor no witty Spleen.
No Coffee to be had; and I am told,
As to the Tea, they drink, 'tis mostly cold.

For

EPILOGUE.

*For Conversation, nothing can be worse,
'Tis all amongst themselves, and that's the Curse :
One Topick there, as here, does seldom fail,
We Women rarely want a Theme to rail ;
But bating that one Pleasure of Backbiting,
There is no earthly Thing they can delight in.
There are no Indian Houses, to drop in
And fancy Stuffs, and chuse a pretty Screen,
To while away an Hour or so——I swear
These Cups are pretty, but they're deadly dear :
And if some unexpected Friend appear,
The Dev'l!—— Who cou'd have thought to meet you
[here?]*

*We should but very badly entertain
You that delight in Toasting and Champaign ;
But keep your tender Persons safe at home,
We know you hate hard Riding : But if some
Tough, honest, Country Fox-Hunter would come,
Visit our Goddess, and her Maiden Court,
'Tis Ten to One but we may shew him Sport.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

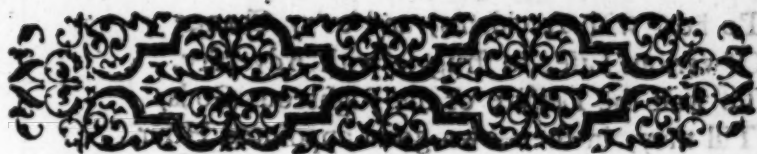
- Ulysses*, King of *Ithaca*, conceal'd for
some Time under the Name of } *Mr. Betterton.*
Æthon.
- Eurymachus*, King of *Samos* } *Mr. Verbruggen.*
Polydamas, } *Mr. Mynns.*
Thoon, } Neighbouring Princes, } *Mr. Knap.*
Agenor, } Pretenders to the Queen. } *Mr. Weller.*
Ephialtes, } *Mr. Freeman.*
- Telemachus*, Son to *Ulysses* and *Penelope*. } *Mr. Booth.*
Antinous, a Nobleman of *Ithaca*, } *Mr. Husbands.*
secretly in Love with the Queen. }
- Cleon*, } Friends to *Antinous*. } *Mr. Dickens.*
Arcas, } *Mr. Cory.*
- Mentor*, Tutor to *Telemachus*. } *Mr. Bowman.*
Eumæus, an old Servant, and faithful to *Ulysses*.
Ceraunus, a *Samian* Officer belonging to *Eurymachus*.

W O M E N.

- Penelope*, Queen of *Ithaca*. } *Mrs. Barry.*
Semanthe, Daughter to *Eurymachus*. } *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*
Several *Samian* and *Ithacan* Officers and Soldiers, with
other Attendants, Men and Women.

SCENE ITHACA.

ULY-



ULYSSES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Palace.

Enter Telemachus and Mentor.

Tel.



Mentor! Urge no more my Royal
Birth.

Urge not the Honours of my Race
Divine;

Call not to my Remembrance what
I am,

Born of *Ulysses*, and deriv'd from *Jove*;
For 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,
To think what their State is, and what it shou'd be;
Impatient of their Lot they reason fiercely,
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

Men. And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous Know-
ledge,

And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul;
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery Passions,
To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course,

To

To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change
Of various Life, to struggle with Adversity,
To wait the Leisure of the Righteous Gods,
'Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,
Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once,
A long and shining Train; 'till thou well pleas'd
Shalt bow, and blest thy Fate, and own the Gods are just.

Tel. Thou prudent Guide and Father of my Youth,
Forgive my Transports, if I seem to lose
The Rev'rence to thy Sacred Precepts due,
'Tis a just Rage and honest Indignation.

Ten Years ran round e're Troy was doom'd to fall,
Ten tedious Summers and ten Winters more
By turns have chang'd the Seasons since it fell,
And yet we mourn my Godlike Father's Absence,
As if the *Gracian* Arms had ne'er prevail'd,
But *Jove* and *Hector* still maintain'd the War.

Men. Tho' absent, yet if Oracles are true,
He lives and shall return.—Where'er he wanders,
Pursu'd by hostile *Trojan* Gods, in Peril
Of the waste Desert or the foamy Deep,
Or Nations wild as both, yet Courage, Wisdom,
And *Pallas*, Guardian of his Arms, is with him.

Tel. And oh! to what does the God's Care reserve him!
Where is the Triumph shall go forth to meet him?
What *Pæan* shall be sung to blest his Labours:
What Voice of Joy shall cry, Hail King of *Ithaca*?
Riot, and Wrong, and woful Desolation,
Spread o'er the wretched Land, shall blast his Eyes,
And make him curse the Day of his Return.

Men. Your Guest, the stranger *Æthon*.

Enter Æthon.

Tel. By my Life,

And

And by the great *Ulysses*, truly welcome;
Oh thou most worthy *Æthon*, thou that wert
In Youth Companion of my Father's Arms,
And Partner of his Heart, does it not grieve Thee
To see the Honour of his Royal Name
Despis'd and set at nought? his State o'er-run,
Devour'd and parcell'd out by Slaves so vile,
That if oppos'd to him 'twou'd make Comparifon
Absurd and monstrous seem, as if to mate

A Mole-Hill with *Olympus*?

Æth. He was my Friend,
I think I knew him; And to do him right,
He was a Man indeed——Not as these are,
A Rioter, or Doer of foul Wrongs;
But boldly just, and more like what Man shou'd be.

Tel. From Morn 'till Noon, from Noon 'till the
Shades darken,

From Evening 'till the Morning dawns again,
Lewdness, Confusion, Insolence, and Uproar,
Are all the Bus'ness of their guilty Hours;
The Cries of Maids enforc'd, the Roar of Drunkards,
Mixt with the braying of the Minstrels Noise
Who ministers to Mirth, ring thro' the Palace,
And eccho to the Arch of Heav'n their Crimes.
Behold! ye Gods, who judge betwixt your Creatures,
Behold the Rivals of the great *Ulysses*!

Mem. Doubt not but all their Crimes, and all thy
Wrongs

Are judg'd by *Nemesis* and equal *Jove*;
Suffer the Fools to laugh and loll secure,
This is their Day,——but there is one behind
For Vengeance and *Ulysses*.

Æth. 'Till that Day,

That

That Day of Recompence and righteous Justice,
 Learn thou, my Son, the cruel Arts of Courts;
 Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,
 And suffer Crimes, thou want'st the Power to punish;
 Be easie, affable, familiar, friendly,
 Search, and know all Mankinds mysterious Ways,
 But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none;
 Believe me, seventy Years, and all the Sorrows
 That seventy Years bring with 'em, thus have taught me,
 Thus only, to be safe in such a World as this is.

Enter Antinous.

Ant. Hail to thee, Prince; thou Son of great *Ulysses*,
 Off-spring of Gods, most worthy of thy Race;
 May ev'ry Day like this be happy to thee,
 Fruition and Success attend thy Wishes,
 And everlasting Glory crown thy Youth.

Tel. Thou greet'st me like a Friend—Come near

Antinous;

May I believe that Omen of my Happiness,
 That Joy which dances in thy chearful Eyes?
 Or dost thou? for thou know'st my fond fond Heart,
 Dost thou betray me to deceitful Hopes,
 And sooth me like an Infant, with a Tale
 Of some Felicity, some dear Delight,
 Which thou didst never purpose to bestow?

Ant. By *Cytherea's* Altar and her Doves,
 By all the gentle Fires that burn before her,
 I have the kindest Sounds to bless your Ear with,
 Nay and the truest too, I'll swear I think,
 That ever Love and Innocence inspir'd.

Tel. Ha! from *Semanthe*?

Ant. From the fair *Semanthe*,
 The gentle, the forgiving—

Tel.

Tel. Soft, my *Antinous*,

Keep the dear Secret safe; Wisdom and Age
Reason perversely when they judge of Love.

A Bus'ness of a Moment calls me hence, [*To Mentor.*

That ended I'll attend the Queen; 'till then,

Mentor! the noble Stranger is thy Care.

—Fly with me to some safe, some sacred Privacy,

[*To Ant.*

There charm my Senses with *Semantoe's* Accents,

There pour thy Balm into my Love-sick Soul,

And heal my Cares for ever. [*Exeunt Tele. and Ant.*

Æth. This smooth Speaker,

This supple Courtier is in Favour with you.

Markt you the Prince? how at this Man's Approach

The Fierceness, Rage, and Pride of Youth declin'd;

His changing Visage wore a Form more gentle,

And ev'ry Feature took a softer Turn;

As if his Soul bent on some new Employment,

Of different Purpose from the Thought before,

Had summon'd other Counsels, other Passions,

And dress'd her in a gay fantastick Garb

Fit for th' Adventure which she meant to prove.

By *Jove* I lik'd it not—

Men. The Prince, whose Temper

Is open as the Day, and unsuspecting,

Esteems him as devoted to his Service,

Wise, Brave, and Just: And since his late Return

From *Nestor's* Court at *Pyle*, he still has held him

In more especial Nearness to his Heart.

Æth. 'Tis rash, and favours of unwary Youth:

Tell him he trusts too far—If I mistook not,

You said he was a Woer.

Men. True, he was;

Noble

Noble by Birth, and mighty in his Wealth,
 Proud of the Patriots Name and Peoples Praise,
 By Gifts, by friendly Offices, and Eloquence,
 He wone the Herd of *Ithacans* to think him
 Ev'n worthy to supply his Master's Place.

Æth. Unthinking, changeable, ungrateful *Ithaca*!
 But *Mentor*! say, the Queen! Cou'd she forget
 The Difference 'twixt *Ulysses* and his Slave?
 Did not her Soul resent the Violation,
 And spight of all the Wrongs she labour'd under,
 Dash his Ambition and presumptuous Love?

Men. Still Great and Royal in the worst of Fortunes,
 With native Pow'r and Majesty array'd,
 She aw'd this rash *Ixion* with her Frown;
 Taught him to bend his abject Head to Earth,
 And own his humbler Lot——He stood rebuk'd,
 And full of guilty Sorrow for the past,
 Vow'd to repeat the daring Crime no more,
 But with Humility and loyal Service
 To purge his Fame, and wash the Stains away.

Æth. Deceit and Artifice! the Turn's too sudden;
 Habitual Evils seldom change so soon,
 But many Days must pass, and many Sorrows,
 Conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,
 To curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,
 And work a second Nature in the Soul,
 E'er Virtue can resume the Place she lost;
 'Tis else Dissimulation——But no more,
 'The rustling Train of Suiters are at hand,
 Those mighty Candidates for Love and Empire;
 'Tis well the Gods are mild, when these dare hope
 To merit their best Gifts by Riot and Injustice.

Enter

*Enter Polydamas, Agenor, Thoon, Ephialtes
and Attendants.*

Pol. Our Souls are out of Tune, we languish all,
Nor does the sweet returning of the Dawn
Chear with its usual Mirth our drowzy Spirits,
That droop'd beneath the lazy leaden Night.

Agen. Can we, who swear we love, smile or be gay,
When our fair Queen, the Goddess of our Vows,
She that adorns our Mirth and gilds our Day,
With-holds the Beams that only can revive us?

Tho. Night must involve the World 'till she appear,
The Flowers in painted Meadows hang their Heads,
The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs,
Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labour;
Ev'n Nature seems to slumber 'till her Call,
Regardless of th' Approach of any other Day.

Eph. Why is she then with-held, this publick Good?
Why does she give those Hours that should rejoyce us
To Tears, Perverseness, and to sullen Privacy?
While vainly here we waste our lusty Youth,
In Expectation of the uncertain Blessing?

Pol. Fortwice two Years, this coy this cruel Beauty
Has mock'd our Hopes, and crost 'em with Delays;
At length the female Artifice is plain,
The Riddle of her mystick Web is known,
Which e'er her second Choice she swore to weave;
While still the secret Malice of the Night
Undid the Labours of the former Day.

Agen. Hard are the Laws of Love's despotick Rule,
And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain;
Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*,
Bacchus the jolly God of laughing Pleasures,
Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake,

Apollo

Apollo's Lyre, and Hermes tuneful Shell;
 Let Wine and Musick joyn to swell the Triumph,
 To sooth uneasie Thought, and lull Desire.

Æth. Is this the Rev'rence due to sacred Beauty,
 Or these the Rights the *Cyprian* Goddes claims?
 These rude licentious Orgyes are for *Satyrs*,
 And such the drunken Homage which they pay
 To old *Silenus* nodding on his Ass.
 But be it as it may; it speaks you well.

Eph. What says the Slave?

Tho. Oh! 'tis the Snarler, *Æthou*,
 A privileg'd Talker—Give him leave to rail;
 Or send for *Irus* forth, his fellow Drole,
 And let 'em play a Match of Mirth before us,
 And Laughter be the Prize to crown the Victor.

Æth. And dost thou answer to Reproof with Laughter?
 But do so still, and be what thou wert born;
 Stick to thy native Sense, and scorn Instruction.
 Oh Folly! What an Empire hast thou here!
 What Temples shall be rais'd to thee! What Crowds
 Of slav'ring, hooting, senseless, shameful Ideots
 Shall worship at thy ignominious Altars,
 While Princes are thy Priests!

Pol. Why shoud'st thou think,
 O'erweening, Insolent, Unmanner'd Slave,
 That Wisdom does forsake the Wealth, the Honours,
 And full Prosperity of Princes Courts,
 To dwell with Rags and Wretchedness like thine?
 Why dost thou call him Fool?

Æth. Speech is most free,
 It is *Jove's* Gift to all Mankind in common.
 Why do'st thou call me poor, and think me wretched?

Pol. Because thou art so.

Æth.

Æth. Answer to thy self,
And let it serve for thee and for thy Friend.

Agæ. He talks like Oracles, obscure and short.

Æth. I wou'd be understood, but Apprehension
Is not thy Talent——Midnight Surfeits, Wine,
And painful undigested Morning Fumes,
Have marr'd thy Understanding.

Eph. Hence, thou Miscreant !
My Lords, this Railer is not to be born.

Æth. And wherefore art thou born, thou publick
Grievance,

Thou Tyrant, born to be a Nation's Punishment ;
To scourge thy guilty Subjects for their Crimes,
And prove Heaven's sharpest Vengeance ?

Eph. Spurn him hence,
And tear the rude unhallow'd Railer's Tongue
Forth from his Throat.

Æth. If brutal Violence
And Lust of foul Revenge shou'd urge thee on,
Spight of the Queen and Hospitable Jove,
T'oppress a Stranger, single and unarm'd,
Yet mark me well, I was not born thy Vassal ;
And wert thou ten times greater than thou art,
And ten times more a King, thus wou'd I meet thee,
Thus naked as I am, I wou'd oppose thee,
And fight a Woman's Battel with my Hands,
E're thou shoud'st do me Wrong, and go unpunish'd.

Eph. Ha ! dost thou brave me, Dog ? [Coming up

Tho. Avant ! to Æthon.

Pol. Begon !

Enter Euryanachus.

Eur. What Daughter of old Chaos and the Night,
What Fury loiters yet behind the Shades,

To

To vex the peaceful Morn with Rage and Uproar?
 Each frowning Visage doubly dy'd with Wrath,
 Your Voices in tumultuous Clamours rais'd,
 Venting Reproach, and stirring strong Contention,
 Say you have been at Variance——Speak, ye Princes,
 Whence grew th'Occasion?

Æth. King of Samos, hear me.

To thee, as to a King, worthy the Name,
 The Majesty and Right Divine of Pow'r,
 Boldly I dare appeal——This King of Seriphos,

[*Pointing to Ephiaetes.*

This Island Lord, this Monarch of a Rock,
 He and his Fellow Princes there, yon' Band
 Of eating, drinking Lovers, have in Scorn
 Of the Gods Laws, and Strangers sacred Privilege,
 Offer'd me foul Offence and most unmanly Injuries,

Æth. Away! It is too much——You wrong your
 Honours,

[*To the Waters.*

And stain the Lustre of your Royal Names,
 To brawl and wrangle with a Thing beneath you;
 Are we not Chief on Earth, and plac'd aloft?
 And when we poorly stoop to mean Revenge,
 We stand debas'd, and level with the Slave
 Who fondly dares us with his vain Defiance.

Eph. Henceforward let the ribald Railer learn
 To curb the lawless Licence of his Speech,
 Let him be dumb, we wo'not brook his Prating.

Æth. Go to! You are too bitter——But no more;

[*To Æth.*

Let ev'ry jarring Sound of Discord cease,
 Tune all your Thoughts and Words to Beauty's Praise,
 To Beauty, that with sweet and Pleasant Influence
 Breaks like the Day-star from the cheerful East.

For

For see where circled with a Crowd of Fair Ones,
Fresh as the Spring, and fragrant as its Flowers,
Your Queen appears, your Goddess, your *Penelope*.

Enter the Queen with Ladies, and other Attendants.

Diana thus on *Cynthus* shady Top,
Or by *Eurota's* Stream leads to the Chace
Her Virgin Train, a Thousand lovely Nymphs
Of Form Celestial all, Troop by her Side,
Amidst a Thousand Nymphs the Goddess stands confest;
In Beauty, Majesty, and Port Divine,
Supream and Eminent.

Qu. If these sweet Sounds,
This humble fawning Phrase, this faithless Flattery;
If these known Arts cou'd heal my wounded Soul,
Cou'd recompence the Sorrows of my Days,
Or sooth the Sighings of my lonely Nights;
Well might you hope to woe me to your Wishes,
And win my Heart with your fond Tales of Love;
But since whate'er I've suffer'd for my Lord,
From *Troy*, the Winds and Seas, the Gods and you,
Is deeply writ within my sad Remembrance,
Know, Princes, all your Eloquence is vain.

Agen. If those bright Eyes that waste their Lights
with Weeping
Wou'd kindly shine upon *Agenor's* Hopes,
Behold he offers to his charming Queen
His Crown, his Life, his ever faithful Vows;
What Joys soe'er, or Love or Empire yield,
To bless her future Days, and make 'em happy all.

Pol. Accept my Crown, and Reign with me in *Delos*.

Tho. Mine, and the Homage of my Poeples wait you.

Eph. I cannot Court you with a filken Tale;
With easie ambling Speeches, fram'd on Purpose,

Made

Made to be spoke in Tune——But be my Queen,
And leave my plain spoke Love to prove its Merit.

Qs. And am I yet to learn your Love, your Faith?
Are not my Wrongs gone up to Heav'n against you?
Do they not stand before the Throne of *Jove*;
And call incessant on his tardy Vengeance?
What Sun has shone that has not seen your Insolence,
Your wasteful Riot, and your impious Mirth,
Your Scorn of Old *Laerte's* feeble Age,
Of my Son's Youth, and of my Woman's Weakness!
Ev'n in my Palace, here, my latest Refuge,
(For you are Lords of all besides in *Ithaca*,)
With Ruffian Violence and murd'rous Rage
You menace the Defenceless and the Stranger;
And from th' unhospitable Dwelling drive
Safety and friendly Peace.

Aeth. For me it matters not;
Wrong is the Portion still of feeble Age,
My toilsome Length of Days, full oft has taught me
What 'tis to struggle with the Proud and Powerful;
But 'tis for thy unhappy Fate, fair Queen,
'Tis to behold thy Beauty and thy Virtue,
'Transcendent both, worthy the God's who gave 'em,
And worthy of their Care, to see 'em left,
Abandon'd and forsaken to rude Outrage,
And made a Prize for Drunkards; 'tis for this
My Soul takes Fire within, and vainly urges
My cold enervate Hand t'assert thy Cause.

Qs. Alas! they scorn the Weakness of thy Age,
As of my Sex——But mark me well, ye Princes!
Whoe'er amongst you dares to lift his Hand
Against the hoary Head of this old Man,
This good old Man, this Friend of my *Ulysses*,

Him

Him will I hold my worst my deadliest Foe,
Him shall my Curses and Revenge pursue,
And mark him from the rest with most distinguish'd
Hatred.

Eph. That you are weak, defenceless and oppress'd,
Impute not to the Gods, they have befriended you,
With lavish Hands they spread their Gifts before you;
What Pride, Revenge, what wanton Love of Change,
Or Woman's Wish can ask, behold, we offer you.
Curse the Perverseness of your stubborn Will then,
That has delay'd your Choice, and in that Choice your
Happiness.

Qu. And must I hear this still, and still endure it?
Oh Rage! Dishonour! wretched, helpless Queen!
Return, return my Hero, my *Ulysses*:
Bring him again, you cruel Seas and Winds,
Troy and Adult'rous *Paris* are no more;
Restore him then, you righteous Gods of *Greece*,
T'avenge himself and me upon these Tyrants,
And do a second Justice here at home.

Eur. Amongst the mighty *Manes* of the *Greeks*
Great Names, and fam'd for highest Deeds in War,
His honour'd Shade rests from the Toils of Life
In everlasting Indolence and Ease,
Careless of all your Pray'rs and vain Complaining,
Which the Winds bear away, and scatter in their Wan-
tonness.

Turn those bright Eyes then, from Despair and Death,
And fix your better Hopes among the Living,
Fix 'em on One, who dares, who can defend you,
One worthy of your Choice.

Qu. If my free Soul
Must stoop to this unequal hard Condition,

If I must make this second hated Choice,
 Yet by Connubial *Juno* here I swear,
 None shall succeed my Lord, but that brave Man
 That dares avenge me well upon the rest.
 Then let whoever dares to Love be bold,
 Be, like my former Hero, made for War,
 Able to bend the Bow, and toss the Spear;
 For ev'ry Wrong his injur'd Queen has found,
 Let him revenge and pay it with a Wound;
 Fierce from the Slaughter let the Victor come,
 And tell me that my Foes have met their Doom;
 Then plight his Faith upon his bloody Sword,
 And be what my *Ulysses* was, my best, my dearest Lord.

[*Exeunt Queen, Mentor, and Attendants.* Eur.

Eph. Agen. Thoon. and Poly. following.

Manet Æthon.

Æth. O matchless Proof of Faith and Love unchang'd!
 Left in the Pride, the wishing Warmth of Youth,
 For ten long Years, and ten long Years to that,
 And yet so true! Beset with strong Allurements,
 With Youth, proud Pomp, and soft bewitching Pleasure,
 'Tis wonderful! and Wives in later Times
 Shall think it all the Forgery of Wit,
 A Fable curiously contriv'd t'upbraid
 Their fickle easie Faith, and mock them for their
 Lightness.

But see! the *Samian* King returns.

Enter Eurymachus.

Eur. I sought you
 Amidst the Croud of Princes, who attend
 The Queen to *Juno's* Temple.

Æth. When I worship,
 And bow my self before the awful Gods,

I mingle

I mingle not with those who scorn their Laws,
With raging, brutal, loose, voluptuous Crouds,
Who take the Gods for Gluttons like themselves.

Eur. This fullen Garb, this moody Discontent,
Sits on thee well, and I applaud thy Anger ;
Thy just Disdain of this licentious Rout :
Yet all are not like these ; nor ought thy Quarrel
Be carry'd on to all Mankind in common.

Æth. Perhaps the untaught Plainness of my Words,
May make you think my Manners rude and savage :
But know my Country is the Land of Liberty ;
Phœacia's happy Isle, that gave me Birth,
Forbids not any to speak plain and truly ;
Sincere and open are we, roughly Honest,
Upright in Deed, tho' simple in our Speech,
As meaning not to Flatter, or Offend ;
The Use of Words we have, but not the Art,
And ev'n as Nature dictates, so we speak.

Eur. Now by great *Juno*, Guardian of our *Samos*,
In strong Description hast thou well express'd,
That manly Virtue I wou'd make a Friend of.
Nor thou, brave *Æthôn*, shalt disdain our Amity,
Our proffer'd Love ; for know that Kings, like Gods,
With all Things good adorn their own Creation,
And where their Favour fixes, there is Happiness.

Æth. Yes, Sir, you are a King, a great one too ;
My humbler Birth has cast me far beneath you,
And made me for the proffer'd Grace unfit ;
Friendship delights in equal Fellowship,
Where Parity of Rank and mutual Offices
Engage both Sides alike, and keep the Balance ev'n.
'Tis irksome to a gen'rous grateful Soul,
To be oppress'd beneath a Load of Favours,

Still to receive, and run in Debt to Friendship,
Without the Pow'r of paying something back.

Eur. I know thee grateful; just and gen'rous Minds
Are always so; nor is thy Pow'r so scanty
But that it may rye with a King's Munificence,
May make me large Amends for all my Bounty,
May bless me with a Benefit I want,
And give me that which my Soul most desires;
The Queen——

Æth. How, Sir, the Queen!

Eur. The Beauteous Queen,
'That Summer-Sun in full Meridian Glory,
Brighter than the faint Promise of the Spring,
With Blessings ripen'd to the Gatherer's Hand,
Mature for Joy, and in Perfection lovely;
Ev'n she!

'The Pride of *Greece*, the Wish of youthful Princes,
Severe, and Cold, and Rigid, as she is,
Looks gently on thee *Æthon*, she beholds thee
With kind Regard, and listens to thy Counsels.

Æth. Be still thou bearing Heart! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir,
go on.

Eur. No more, there needs no more; thy piercing Wit,
I read it in thy Eyes, hath found my Purpose.
Be favourable then, be friendly to me;
Nay, I'll conjure thee, by my Hopes, by thine,
Whether they follow Wealth, or Power, or Fame,
Or what Desires soe'er warm thy old Breast,
Counsel me, aid me, teach me, be my Friend.

Æth. Suppose me such, What shou'd my Friendship
profit you?

Eur. O by Ten Thousand Ways! has not that Age
That turn'd thy rev'rend Locks so Silver White,

Has it not giv'n thee Skill in Womankind,
Sagacious Wisdom to explore their Subleties,
Their coy Aversions, and their eager Appetites,
Their false Denials, and their secret Yieldings?
Yet more, thy Friendship with her former Lord,
Gives thee a Right to speak, and be believ'd.

Æth. Then you wou'd have me woe her for you,
win her;

This Queen, this Wife of him that was my Friend?

Emr. Thou speak'st me well, of him that was thy Friend:
His Death has broke those Bonds of Love and Friend-
ship,

And left me free and worthy to succeed
Both in her Heart, and thine.

Æth. Excuse me, Sir,

Nor think I meant to question your high Worth.
I am but ill at Praising, or my Tongue
Had spoke the great Things that my Heart thinks of you.
Suppose me wholly yours—Yet do you hold
This Sov'reign Beauty made of such light Stuff,
So like the common Changelings of her Sex,
That he that flatter'd, sigh'd, and spoke her fair,
Cou'd win her from her stubborn Resolution
And chaste Reserv'dness, with his sweet Persuasion?

Emr. No, were she form'd like them, she were a
Conquest

Beneath a Monarch's Love, or *Æthion's* Wit.
Not but I think, she has her warmer Wishes,
'Twere monstrous else, and Nature had deny'd
Her choicest Blessing to her fairest Creature;
Her soft Desires that steal abroad unseen,
Like Silver *Cynthia* sliding from her Orb,
At dead of Night to young *Endimion's* Arms.

Æth. How! think you so!—But so 'tis true it may be;
The best of all the Sex is but a Woman,
And why shou'd Nature break her Rule for One?
To make One true, when all the rest are false?
To find those Wishes then, those fond Desires,
To trace the fullsome Haunts of wanton Appetite,
She must be try'd.

Eur. That to thy Care, my *Æthon*,
Thy Wit and watchful Friendship I commend.

Æth. Yes, Sir, be certain on't, she shall be try'd;
Thro' all the winding Mazes of her Thoughts,
Thro' all her Joys, her Sorrows and her Fears,
Thro' all her Truth and Falshood I'll pursue her.
She shall be subtler than Deceit it self,
And prosperously Wicked, if she 'scape me.

Eur. Thou art my Genius, and my happier Hours
Depend upon thy Providence and Rule.
This Day, at her Return from *Juno's* Altar,
I have obtain'd an Hour of private Conference.

Æth. What! Private, said you! 'Twas a Mark of Favour,
Distinguishtly kind.

Eur. Somewhat I urg'd
That much concern'd her Honour, and her Safety,
Nay ev'n the Life of her belov'd *Telemachus*,
Which to her Ear alone I wou'd disclose:
Thou shalt be present——How I mean to prove hers
Which way to shake the Temper of her Soul,
And where thy Aid may stand me most in stead,
I will instruct thee as we pass along.

Æth. I wait you, Sir.

Eur. Nor doubt of the Success,
This stubborn Beauty shall be taught Compliance.

Fair

Fair Daughter of the Ocean, smiling *Venus*,
 Thou Joy of Gods and Men, assist my Purpose;
 Thy *Cyprus* and *Cythera* leave a while,
 Thy *Paphian* Groves, and sweet *Idalian* Hill,
 To fix thy Empire in this rugged Isle;
 Bring all thy Fires from every Lover there,
 To warm this coy, this cruel frozen Fair,
 Let her no more from Nature's Laws be free,
 But learn Obedience to thy great Decree,
 Since Gods themselves submit to Fate, and Thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Antinous, Cleon and Arcas.

Ant. 'TIS thus, my Fellow-Citizens and Friends,
 'Tis thus unhappy *Ithaca* must groan
 Beneath the Bondage of a Foreign Lord;
 A needy upstart Race of hungry Strangers
 Shall swarm upon the Land, eat its Increase,
 Devour the Labours of the toiling Hind,
 And gather all the Wealth and Honours of our Isle.

Cle. The filken Minions of the *Samian* Court,
 To Lord it o'er the Province shall be sent,
 To rule the State, to be the Chiefs in War,
 And lead our hardy *Ithacans* to Battle.
 Freedom and Right shall cease; our Corn, Wine, Oyl
 The Fatness of the Year, shall all be theirs;

Our modest Matrons, and our Virgin Daughters,
 Ev'n all we hold most dear, shall be the Spoil;
 The Prey of our imperious haughty Masters.

Arc. Would I cou'd say I did not fear these Evils.

Ant. O honest *Arcas*, 'tis too plain a Danger.
 The Queen, requir'd by publick Voice to Wed,
 To end at once the Hopes and riotous Concourse
 Of Princely Guests, contending for her Love,
 O'er-passing all the noblest of our Isle,
 Inclines to fix her Choice on proud *Eurymachus*.

Cle. Why rides the *Samian* Fleet within our Harbour,
 But to support their Tyrant's Title here?
 With Causes feign'd they linger long, pretending
 Rude Winter Seas, with Omens that forbid
 The frighted Mariner to leave the Shoar;
 While *Neptune* smoothes his Waters for their Passage,
 And gently whistling Winds invite their Sails,
 As if they wish'd to waft them back to *Samos*.

Arc. *Ulysses* is no more; the partial Gods,
 Who favour'd *Priam* and his hapless Race,
 Have pour'd their Wrath on his devoted Head,
 And now in some far distant Realm, expos'd
 To glut the Vulture's and the Lyon's Maw,
 Or in the Oozy Bottom of the Deep,
 Full many a Fathom down, the Hero lies,
 And never shall return——What then remains?
 But that our Country fly to thee for Succour,

[To *Antinous*.

To thee, the noblest of the Lords of *Ithaca*;
 And since, so Fate ordains, our Queen must Wed,
 Be thou her second Choice, be thou our Ruler,
 And save our Nation from a foreign Yoke.

Ant.

Ant. You are my Friends, and over-rate my Worth,
But Witness for me, for you still have known me,
When e'er my Country's Service calls me on,
No Enterprize so doubtful, or so dangerous,
But I will boldly prove it, to preserve thee,
Oh *Ithaca*, from Bondage.

Cle. Wherefore urge you not
Your Suit among the rest?

Ant. The cruel Queen
Rejects my humble Vows with angry Scorn;
And when I once presum'd to speak my Passion,
She call'd it Insolence——Since then I've strove
To hide th' unlucky Folly, from all Eyes
But yours, my Friends, who view my naked Soul.

Arc. Avow your Flame in publick, tell the World
Anisinous is worthy of a Queen;
So many valiant Hands shall own your Cause,
So shall the Voice in *Ithaca* be for you,
The Queen shall own your Love has made her great,
And giv'n her back an Empire she had lost.

Ant. Think not I dream the Hours of Life away,
Supine, and negligent of Love and Glory;
No, *Arcas*, no, my active Mind is busie,
And still has labour'd with a vast Design;
E'er long the beauteous Birth will be disclos'd,
Then shall your Pow'rs come forth, your Swords and
Counsels,
And manifest the Love you bear *Anisinous*;
'Till then be still——To favour my Design,
With low Submissions, with obsequious Duty,
And Vows of Friendship fit to flatter Boys with,
I've wound my self into the Prince's Heart.

Cle. 'Tis said, the Love-sick Youth dotes ev'n to Death
Upon the *Samian* Princess, fair *Semanthe*.

Ant. Let it go on——'tis a convenient Dotage,
And suits my Purpose well——The Youth by Nature
Is active, fiery, bold, and great of Soul;
Love is the Bane of all these Noble Qualities,
The sickly Fit, that palls Ambition's Appetite;
And therefore have I nurs'd the fond Disease,
Inspiring lazy Wishes, Sighs, and Languishings,
Unactive dreaming Sloth, and womanish Softness,
To freeze his Veins, and quench his manly Fires.
The froward God of Love, to boast his Pow'r,
Has bred of late some little Jars between 'em;
But 'twas my Care to reconcile their Follies,
And if my Augury deceives me not,
This Day a Priest in private makes 'em one,
Unknown or to the Queen, or to *Eurymachus*.
But see!——They come——retire.——

Enter Telemachus and Semanthe.
Do, Sigh, and Smile,
And print thy Lips upon the soft white Hand;
Scepters and Crowns are Trifles none regard,
That can be blest with such a Joy as this is.

[*Exeunt Ant. Cle. and Arc.*]
Tel. Yes, my *Semanthe*, still I will complain,
Still I will murmur at thee, cruel Maid,
For all that Pain thou gav'st my Heart but now.
What God, averse to Innocence and Love,
Cou'd shake thy gentle Soul with such a Storm?
Just at that happy Moment, when the Priest
Had join'd our Hands, thou start'st as Death had struck
thee,
And sighing cry'd'st, Ah! no!——it is impossible!

Sem.

Sem. And yet, oh my lov'd Lord, yet I am yours,
This Hand has giv'n me to you, and this Heart,
This Heart that akes with Tendernefs, confirm'd it.

Tel. And yet thou art not mine; ——— else why this
Sorrow?

Why art thou wet with Weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* descends in gentle Show'rs,
To cause Increase, and bless the infant Year,
When ev'ry spiry Grass, and painted Flow'r
Is hung with pearly Drops of Heav'nly Rain?

Sem. Ye Woods and Plains, and all ye *Virgins*
Dryads,

Happy Companions of those Woods and Plains,
Why was I forc'd to leave your chearful Fellowship,
To come and lose my Peace of Mind at *Ithaca*?
And oh! *Semantke*, wherefore didst thou listen
To that dear Voice? why didst thou break thy Vow,
Made to the Huntress *Cynthia* and her Train?
Ah! say, fond Maid, say wherefore didst thou love?

Tel. Alas! my gentle Love, how have I wrong'd
thee?

By what unwilling Crime have I offended?
That thus with streaming Eyes thou should'st complain,
Thus dash my Joys, and quench those Holy Fires,
By yellow *Hymen's* Torch so lately lighted:
Thus stain this blessed Day, our Bridal Day,
With the detested Omen of thy Sorrows.

Sem. Of what shou'd I accuse thee? thou art Noble,
Thy Heart is soft, is pitiful and tender;
And thou wilt never wrong the poor *Semantke*,
And yet ———

Tel. What mean'st thou?

Sem. What have we been doing?

Tel. A Deed of Happiness.

Sem. Are we not marry'd?

Tel. We are,—and like the careful, thrifty Hind,
Who provident of Winter fills his Stores
With all the various Plenty of the Autumn,
We've hoarded up a mighty Mass of Joy,
To last for all our Years that are to come,
And sweeten ev'ry bitter Hour of Life.

Sem. Fain wou'd I sooth my Soul with these sweet
Hopes,

Forget the Anguish of my waking Cares,
And all those boding Dreams that haunt my Slumbers;
Last Night, when after many a heavy Sigh,
And many a painful Thought, the God of Sleep,
Insensible and soft, had stole upon me;
Methought I found me by a murm'ring Brook,
Reclin'd at Ease upon the flow'ry Margin;
And thou, thou first and last of all my Thoughts,
Thou dear, eternal Object of my Wishes,
Close by my Side wert laid.—

Tel. Delightful Vision!

And oh! oh Pity that it was not real.

Sem. A while on many a pleasing Theme we talk'd,
And mingled sweet Discourse; when on the sudden,
The Cry of Hounds, the jolly Huntsman's Horn,
With all the chearful Musick of the Chace,
Surpriz'd my Ear—and straight a Troop of Nymphs,
Once the dear Partners of my Virgin Heart,
Flew lightly by us, eager of the Sport;
Last came the Goddess, great *Latona's* Daughter,
With more than mortal Grace she stood confest,
I saw the Golden Quiver at her Back,
And heard the sounding of her Silver Bow.

Abash'd

Abash'd I rose, and lowly made Obedience;
 But she, not sweet, nor affable, nor smiling,
 As once she wont, with stern Regard beheld me;
 And wherefore dost thou loiter here, she said,
 Of me, thy Fellows, and our Sports unmindful?
 Return, thou Fugitive; nor vainly hope
 To dress thy Bridal Bed, and waste thy Youth
 In wanton Pleasures, and inglorious Love;
 A Virgin at my Altar wert thou Vow'd,
 'Tis fix'd by Fate, and thou art mine for ever.
 With that she snatch'd a Chaplet from my Hand,
 Which for thy Head in Fondness I had wove,
 And bore me swiftly with her:—In my Flight,
 Backwards, methought, I turn'd my Eyes to thee,
 But found thee not, for thou wert vanish'd from me,
 And in thy Place my Father lay extended
 Upon the Earth, a bloody lifeless Coarse;
 Struck to the very Heart, I shriek'd aloud,
 And waking, found my Tears upon my Pillow.

Tel. Vex not thy peaceful Soul, my fair *Semantides*,
 Nor dread the Anger of the awful Gods,
 Safe in thy Native unoffending Innocence.
 Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,
 And drowzy Night invades the weary World,
 Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantastick *Morpheus*,
 Ten thousand mimic Fantoms fleet around him,
 Subtle as Air, and various in their Natures,
 Each has Ten Thousand Thousand diff'rent Forms,
 In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper,
 While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain
 Imaginary Evils give Mankind.

Sem. Not happy Omens that approve our Wishes,
 When bright with flames the cheerful Altar shines

And

And the good Gods are gracious to our Offerings,
 Not Oracles themselves, that speak us happy;
 Cou'd charm my Fears, and lull my froward Sorrows,
 Like the dear Voice of him whom my Soul loves;
 Ev'n while thou spok'st my Breast begun to glow,
 I felt sweet Hopes, and Joy, and Peace returning;
 And all the Fires of Life were kindled up anew.

Tel. Hence then, thou meager Care, ill-boding Melancholy,
 Anxious Disquiet, and heart-breaking Grief,
 Fly to your Native Seats, where deep below
 Old Night and Horror with the Furies dwell,
 Love and the joyful Genial Bed disclaim you;
 To Night a Thousand little laughing Cupids
 Shall be our Guard, and wakeful watch around us,
 No Sound, no Thought shall enter to disturb us,
 But sacred Silence reign; unless, sometimes,
 We sigh and murmur with Excess of Happiness.

Sem. Alas, my Lord!

Tel. Again that mournful Sound!

Sem. What other Pain is this? what other Fear,
 So different quite from what I felt before?
 Alternate Heat and Cold shoot thro' my Veins,
 Now a chill Dew hangs faintly on my Brow,
 And now with gentle Warmth I glow all o'er;
 Short are my Sighs, and nimbly beats my Heart,
 I gaze on thee with Joy, and yet I tremble,
 'Tis Pain and Pleasure blended, both at once,
 'Tis Life and Death, or something more than either.

Tel. Thus untried Soldiers, when the Trumpet sounds,
 Expect the Combat with uncertain Passions;
 Thus Nature speaks in unexperienc'd Maids,
 And thus they blush, and thus like thee they tremble.

At Even, when the Queen retires to Rest,
I'll meet thee here, and take thee to my Arms;
Thy best, thy surest Refuge.—
But see! the Stranger *Æthon* comes, retire,
I would not have his watchful Eye observe us.

Enter Æthon.

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me,
Haste, at th' appointed Hour—
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage I burn;
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn;
Think, how I call thee Cruel for thy Stay.
And break my Heart with Grief, for thy unkind Delay.

*[Exeunt Telemachus and Sem;
Manet Æthon.]*

Æth. Ha! what so close! how cautious to avoid
me?

As who shoud' say, Old Man you are too Wise,
What has my Youth to do with your Instructions,
While Folly is so pleasant to my Taste,
And damn'd Destruction wears a Face so fair?
This *Samian* King is Happy in his Arts:
His Daughter, vow'd a Virgin to *Diana*,
Is brought to play the Wanton here at *Ithaca*:
No matter for Religion; let the Gods
Look to their Rites themselves: the Youth grows fond,
Just to their Wish! and swears himself their Vassal
His Mother follows next—But soft—They come;
Now to put on the Pander!—That's my Office.

Enter the Queen and Eurymachus.

Qu. Have I not answer'd oft, It is in vain,
In vain to urge me with this hateful Subject?
As thou art Noble, pity me, *Eurymachus*,
Add not new Weight of Sorrows to my Days,

That

That drag too slow, too heavily along,
 Compel me not to curse my Life, my Being,
 To curse each Morn, each chearful Morn, that dawns
 With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings,
 To ev'ry wretched Creature, but my self;
 To me it brings more Pain, and iterated Woes.

Eur. Oh God of Eloquence, bright *Maja's* Son!
 Teach me what more than mortal Grace of Speech,
 What Sounds can move this fierce relentless Fair,
 This cruel Queen, that pitylefs beholds
 My Heart that bleeds for her, my humble Knee,
 In abject low Submission bent to Earth,
 To deprecate her Scorn, and beg in vain,
 One gracious Word, one favourable Look.

Qu. Count back the tedious Years, since first my
 Hero

Forsook these faithful Arms to War with *Troy*;
 And yet in all that long, long Tract of Time,
 Witness, ye chaster Powers, if e'er my Thoughts
 Have harbour'd any other Guest but him;
 Remember, King of *Samos*, what I have been,
 Then think if I can change—*Æthon!* come near.

[*Æthon comes forward.*]

Good honest Man! how rare is Truth like thine!
 Thou great Example of a Loyal Friend!

Æth. Oh Lady, spare that Praise; if few like me
 Are Friends, yet none have ever lov'd like you;
 Why what a mighty Space is twenty Years?
 'Tis irksome to Remembrance, to look back
 Upon your Youth, that happier Part of Life,
 Like some fair Field, of rich and fertile Soil,
 That might have blest the Owner with Abundance,
 But left unheeded, like a barren Moor,

Lies

Lies fenceless, wild, uncultivate, and waste.

Qu. Alas!

Enr. Were Youth and Beauty giv'n in vain?
Why were the Gods so lavish of their Gifts,
To one, whose sullen Pride neglects to use 'em,
As if she scorn'd the Care Heav'n took to make her
Happy?

Æth. More than enough of Sorrow have you known;
Give Ease at length to your afflicted Soul,
Be comforted, and now while Time is yours,
Taste the good things of Life, yet e'er they perish,
Yet e'er the happy Season pass away.

Qu. What Sov'reign Balm, what heav'nly healing Art,
Can cure a Heart so torn with Grief as mine,
Can stay this never-ceasing Stream of Tears,
And once more make my Senses know Delight?

Enr. What God can work that Miracle but Love?
Love, who dispences Joy to Heav'n it self,
And cheers his Fellow-Gods more than their Nectar,
'Till wrapt with vast, unutterable Pleasures,
Such as Immortal Natures only know,
Each owns his Pow'r, and blesses the sweet Boy.

Qu. Now *Æthon*, by thy Friendship to my Lord,
Answer, I charge thee, to this cruel King;
Demand if it be Noble to Prophane
My Virtue thus, with loose dishonest Courtship.

Æth. Are Love and Virtue then such Mortal Foes,
That they must never meet?

Qu. Never with me,
Unless my Lord return.

Æth. Vain Expectation!

Qu. Ha! Surely I mistook! — what said'st thou,

Æthon?

Æth.

Æth. That you have waited long for that Return;
Wasted too much of Life, and cast away
Those precious Hours, that might have been employ'd
To better use than Weeping.

Qu. This from thee!

Oh faithless! Truth is vanish'd then indeed.

Oh *Æthon*!—art thou too—become my Enemy!

Æth. If, to reward your Faith to lost *Ulysses*,
I pray the Gods to heap their Blessings on you,
To make you Mistress of a mighty Nation,
An Empire greater, nobler than your own,
And crown you with this valiant Monarch's Love;
If this be Enmity, you may accuse me.

Qu. Dost thou solicit for him? dost thou dare
Invade my Peace, my Virtue?

Æth. Not for him,
But for the common Happiness of both.

Qu. Traitor! no more—at length thy wicked Arts
Thy false dissembled Friendship for my Lord,
Thy Pious Journey hither for his sake,
Thy Care of me, my Son, and of the State,
Thy Praise, thy Counsels, and thy shew of Virtue,
So holy, so adorn'd with Reverend Age,
All are reveal'd, and thou confest a Villain;
Hire, and the sordid Love of Gain have caught thee;
Gold has prevail'd upon thee to betray me,
And bargain for my Honour with this Prince.

[Pointing to *Eurymachus*.

Æth. It grieves me I Offend you—sure I am,
I meant it as a Friend.

Qu. Hence from my Sight!

Eur. Æthon, no more,—Since Love and willing
Friendship

Employ

Employ their pious Offices in vain,
Learn we henceforth from this imperious Beauty,
Learn we, from her Example to be cruel:
And tho' our softer Passions rest unsatisfy'd,
Yet the more fierce, the manly, and the rough,
Shall be indulg'd and riot to Excess.
Up then Revenge, and arm thee thou fell Fury,
Up then, and shake thy hundred Iron Whips,
To Day I vow to sacrifice to thee,
And slake thy horrid Thirst with Draughts of Royal
Gore.

Q^y. What says the Tyrant? [*Aside.*] Oh, *Eurymachus*;
What fatal Purpose has thy Heart conceiv'd?
What means that Rage that lightens in thy Eyes?
That flashes fierce, and menaces Destruction?

Eur. The lambent Fire of Love prevails no more;
And now another mightier Flame succeeds;
Vaunt not too soon, nor triumph in thy Scorn,
For know, proud Queen, in spite of thy Disdain,
There is a Way ev'n yet to reach thy Heart.
Thou hast a Son, the Darling of thy Eyes—

Q^y. Oh fatal Thought!
Fear, like the Hand of Death, has seiz'd my Heart,
Cold, chilling Cold—my Son! Oh my *Telmachus*!

Æth. That stroke was home—now, *Virtue*, hold
thy own. [*Aside.*]

Eur. Know then, that Son is in my Pow'r, and
holds

His frail uncertain Being at my Pleasure,
And when I frown, Death and Destruction, greedy,
Watchful, intent like Tygers on their Prey,
Start sudden forth, and seize the helpless Boy.

Three

Three Hundred chosen Warriors from my Fleet,
 Who undiscern'd, in Parties, and by stealth,
 Late came a shore, now wait for my Commands;
 Think on 'em as the Ministers of Fate,
 For when I bid 'em execute, 'tis done.

Qu. If, as my Soul presages from those Terrors
 Which gather on thy stern, tempestuous Brow,
 Thou art severely bent on Death and Vengeance,
 Yet hear me, hear a Wretches only Pray'r,
 Oh spare the Innocent, spare my *Telemachus*,
 Let not the Russian's Sword nor murd'rous Violence
 Cut off the Noble Promise of his Youth,
 Oh spare him, and let all thy Rage fall here;
 Remember 'twas this haughty, stubborn Queen
 Refus'd thy Love, and let her feel thy Hate.

Eur. A secret Joy glides thro' my sullen Heart,
 To see so fair a Suiter kneel before me.
 But what have I to do with Thoughts like these?
Æthon, go bear this Ring to bold *Ceraunus*,
 The Valiant Leader of our *Samian* Band;
 My last of Orders, which this Morn. I gave him,
 Bid him perform; haste thou, and see it done.

Qu. Stay, I conjure thee, *Æthon*—Cruel King!
 Speak, answer me, unfold this dreadful Secret:
 Where points this sudden, dark, mysterious Mis-
 chief?

Say, at the Head of what devoted Wretch
 This winged Thunder aims—Say, while my Fears
 Have left me yet a little Life to hear thee.

Eur. Already dost thou dread the gath'ring Storm,
 That grumbles in the Air, preluding Ruin?
 But mark the Stroke, keep all thy Tears for that,
 Too soon it shall be told thee—*Æthon*, hence.

Qu. holding

Qu. holding *Æthon.*] Not for thy Life——No not
'till thou hast heard me. [To *Eurymachus.*

Too well, alas! I understand my Fate;
How have I been among the happy Mothers
Call'd the most happy, now to be most miserable:
The barren, comfortless sat down and wept,
When they compar'd their Marriage Beds with mine;
The fruitful, when they boasted of their Numbers,
With Envy and unwilling Praise, confess
That I had all their Blessings in my One.
Our Virgins, when they met him, sigh'd and blush'd,
Matrons and Wives beheld him as a Wonder,
And gazing Crowds pursu'd and blest him as he pass'd.
But then his Youth! his Tenderness! his Piety!
Oh my *Telemachus*! my Son! my Son!

Eur. And what are all these Tears and helpless Wail-
ings,

What poor Amends to injur'd Love and me?
How have I mourn'd thy Scorn, unkind and cruel?
How have I melted in unmanly Weeping?
How have I taught the stubborn Rocks of *Ithaca*,
And all the sounding Shore to echo my Complaining?
And hast thou e'er relented? Now mourn thou,
And murmur not, nor think thy Lot too hard,
Since equal Justice pays thee but thy own.

Qu. Oh didst thou know what Agonies I feel,
Hard as thou art, thou would'st have Pity on me:
Death is too poor a Name, for that means Rest,
But 'tis Despair——'tis mad——tormenting Rage,
'Tis terrible——'tis bitter Pain——it is
A Mother's Mourning for her only Son.

Æth. Now, now her labouring Heart is rent with
Anguish!

Oh

Oh Nature, how affecting are thy Sorrows!
 How moving, melting in a Mother's Eyes!
 So Silver *Thetis*, on the *Phrygian* Shore,
 Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate,
 The Sea-Nymphs fate around, and joyn'd their Tears,
 While from his lowest Deep old Father Ocean,
 Was heard to groan in pity of their Pain. [Aside.

Eur. Fair Mourner rise——Thus far thou hast prevail'd, [Offering to raise her.

If, to atone for all I have endur'd,
 For all thy cold Neglect, thy Arts, Delays,
 For all my Years of anxious Expectation,
 This Night thou give thy Beauties to my Arms;
 This Night! For Love, impatient of my Wrongs,
 Allows not ev'n a Moment's space beyond it.
 The Prince, thy lov'd *Telemachus*, shall live,
 And Danger and Distress shall never know thee more

Qu. Oh Shame! Oh Modesty! Connubial Truth
 And spotless Purity! Ye Heav'nly Train!
 Have I preserv'd you in my secret Soul,
 To give you up at last, then plunge in Guilt,
 Abandon'd to Dishonour and Pollution!
 Oh never! never! let me first be rack'd,
 Torn, scatter'd by the Winds, plung'd in the Deep,
 Or bound amidst the Flames——Oh friendly Earth
 Open thy Bosom——And thou *Proserpine*,
 Infernal *Juno*, mighty Queen of Shades,
 Receive me to thy dark, thy dreadful Empire,
 And hide me, save me from this Tyrant's Fury.

Æth. Oh racking racking Pain of secret Thought! [Aside.

Eur. Hence! hence thou Trifler Love! fond, vain
 Deceiver!

I cast,

I cast, I tear thee out———*Æthon*, begon!

Qu. Then drag me too!—Yet hear me once, once more,
For I will speak to thee of Love!——of Rage!
Of Death! of Madness! and Eternal *Chaos*!

Eur. Away, thou Loiterer! [To *Æthon*;

Æth. Then I must go.

Qu. *Enrymachus*! [Holding out her Hand to him;

Eur. Speak———

Qu. Mercy!

Eur. Love!

Qu. *Telemachus*.

Eur. My Queen! My Goddess! Art thou kind at last?
Oh softly, softly breath the charming Sound,
And let it gently steal upon my Soul,
Gently as falls the balmy Dew from Heav'n,
Or let thy kind consenting Eyes speak for thee,
And bring me the sweet Tidings from thy Heart;
She yields! Immortal Gods! she yields!

Qu. Where is he?

Where is my Son? O tell me, is he safe?
Swear to me some most sacred solemn Oath,
Swear my *Telemachus* is free from Danger.

Eur. Hear me, great *Jove*, Father of Gods and Men,
And thou blue *Neptune*, and thou *Stygian Pluto*,
Hear, all ye greater and ye lesser Powers,
That Rule in Heaven, in Earth, in Seas, and Hell,
While to my Queen, on this fair Hand I swear,
That Royal Youth, that best lov'd Son is safe,
Nor dies, unless his Mother urge his Fate.
At Night, a Priest, by faithful *Æthon*'s Care,
In private shall attend at thy Apartment,
There while rich Gums we burn, and Spicy Odours,
The Gods of Marriage and of Love invoking,

I will

I will renew my Vows, and at thy Feet
Devote ev'n all my Pow'rs to thy Command.

Qu. 'Till then be kind, and leave me to my self;
Leave me to vent the Fulness of my Breast,
Pour out the Sorrows of my Soul alone,
And sigh my self, if possible, to Peace.
Oh thou dear Youth, for whom I feel again
My Throes, and twice endure a Mother's Pain;
Well had I dy'd to save thee, oh my Son,
Well, to preserve thy Life, had giv'n my own;
But when the Thoughts of former Days return,
When my lost Virtue, Fame, and Peace I mourn,
The Joys which still thou gav'st me I forget,
And own I bought thee at a Price too great. [*Ex. the Qu.*

Eur. At length we have prevail'd: Fear, Doubt and
Shame,

Those peevish Female Virtues, fly before us,
And the disputed Field at last is ours.

Aeth. Yes, you have conquer'd, have approv'd yourself
A Master in the Knowledge of the Sex.

What then remains but to prepare for Triumph,
To rifle all the Spoils of Captive Beauty,
And reap the sweet Reward of your past Labours.
What of the Prince?

Eur. He lives, but must be mine,
And my *Semanthe's* Love the Band to hold him;
But to to-morrow's Dawn leave we that Care,
The present Day, for deep, for vast Designs,
And hardy Execution is decreed.

This Night, according to their wonted Riot,
The Rival Princes mean to hold a Feast.

Aeth. I mark'd but now the mighty Preparation,
When to the Hall the sweating Slaves past in,

Bending

Bending beneath the massie Goblets Weight,
Whose each capacious Womb, fraught with rich Juice
Drawn from the *Chian* and the *Lesbian* Grape,
Portended witless Mirth, vain Laughter, Boasting,
Contentious Brawling, Madness, Mischief, and foul
Murder;

While to appease the Glutton's greedy Maw
Whole Herds are slain, more than suffice for Hecatombs,
Ev'n more than Zeal, with pious Prodigality,
Bestows upon the Gods to feed their Priests with.

Eur. Then mark me well, or e're the rowling Night
Have finish'd half her Course, the fummy Vapours
And mounting Spirits of the deep-drunk Bowl,
Shall seize the Brains of these Carousing Lovers;
Then shalt thou, *Æthon*, with my valiant *Samians*,
Arm'd and appointed all at thy Command,
Surround the Hall, and on our common Foes
At once Revenge my Queen, thy self and me.

Æth. Ha! At a Blow!—'tis just—'tis greatly thought!
By *Jove*, th'Avenger, 'twill be noble Slaughter;
Nor doubt the Event, I answer for 'em all,
Ev'n to a Man.

Eur. Thine then be all the Care,
While I with softer Pleasures crown my Hours,
And revel in Delight.

Æth. How! At that Hour!
Ha!——In Enjoyment! Can that be?

[Starting.

Eur. It must.
Fierce for the Joy, in Secret, and alone
I'll steal upon my Love.

Æth. Stay! that were well!
Alone you must——

C

Eur.

Eur. None but the conscious Priest—
That too must be thy Care, to chuse one faithful,
One for the Purpose fit.

Æth. Most worthy Office! [*Aside.*
One to your Wish, try'd in these pious Secrets,
My Friend of ancient Date, is now in *Ithaca*;
Him sworn to Secrecy, and well prepar'd,
I will instruct to wait you with the Queen.

Eur. Then be propitious, Love!

Æth. And thou Revenge!
Shoot all thy Fires, and wake my slumb'ring Rage,
Let my past Wrongs, let Indignation raise
My Age to emulate my youthful Praise,
Let the stern Purpose of my Heart succeed,
Let Riot, Lust, and proud Injustice bleed,
Grant me but this, ye Gods, who favour Right,
I ask no other Bliss nor fond Delight,
Nor envy Thee, O King, thy Bridal Night.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second A C T.



A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Æthon, Mentor and Eumæus.

Æth. IF Virtue be abandon'd, lost and gone,
No matter for the Means that wrought the
Ruin ;

Whether the Pomp of Pleasure danc'd before her,
Alluring to the Sense, or dreadful Danger
Came arm'd with all its Terrors to the Onset,
She shou'd have held the Battel to the last,
Undaunted, yieldeless, firm, and dy'd or conquer'd.

Men. Think on what hard, or what unequal Terms
Virtue, betray'd within by Woman's Weakness,
Beset without with mighty Fears and Flatteries,
Maintains the doubtful Conflict—Sure if any
Have kept the Holy Marriage-Bed inviolate,
If all our *Gracian* Wives are not like *Hellen*,
That praise the Queen my Royal Mistress merits.

Eum. And oh impute not one unheeded Word,
Forc'd from her in the bitterest Pangs of Sorrow,
When fierce, conflicting Passions strove within,
Like all the Winds at once let loose upon the Main,
When wild Distraction rul'd—Oh urge not that,
A Blemish on her fair, her matchless Fame.

Æth. Oh *Mentor*, and *Eumæus*, faithful Pair!
To whom my Life, my Honour, all I trust,
These Eyes beheld her yielding—Curled Object!
Beheld her in the *Samian* King's Embrace;
The Sight of Hell, of baleful *Acheron*,
That rowls his livid Waves around the Damn'd.

Roaring and yelling on the farther Shore,
 Was not so terrible, so irksome to me,
 As when I saw his Arms infold *Penelope*.
 I heard the fatal Compact for to Night,
 The Joys which he propos'd, nor she deny'd——
 But see she comes——

Men. How much unlike a Bride!

Enter the Queen.

Behold her Tears, see comfortless Affliction;
 Anguish, and helpless, desolate Misfortune
 Writ in her Face.

Æth. Retire; I wou'd observe her.

[*Men and Eum. retire to the back Part of the Stage.*]

Qu. And dost thou only weep? Shall that put off
 Th' approaching Hour of Shame, or save thy Son?
 Thou weep'st, and yet the setting Sun descends
 Swift to the Western-Waves, and guilty Night,
 Hasty to spread her Horrors o'er the World,
 Rides on the dusky Air,——And now it comes,
 The fatal Moment comes, ev'n that dread Time
 When Witches meet to gather Herbs on Graves,
 When discontented Ghosts forsake their Tombs,
 And ghastly roam about, and doleful Groan,
 And hark! The Screech-Owl screams, and beats the
 Window
 With deadly Wings——And hark!——More dreadful yet,
 Like *Thracian Tereus* to unhappy *Philomel*,
 The furious Bridegroom comes——The Tyrant! Ra-
 visher!

And see! The Shade of my much injur'd Lord
 Starts up to blast me!——Hence!——Begon, you Horrors,
 For I will hide me in the Arms of Death,

And

And think on you no more—That Traytor here!

[Seeing Æthon.

Æth. Hail beautiful Queen! The God of Love salutes thee,

And thus by great *Eurymachus* he speaks,
Be Sorrow and Misfortune on thy Foes,
But let thy Days be crown'd with smiling Peace,
Content, and everlasting Joy dwell with thee.

Qu. Com'st thou to greet me with the Sounds of Joy?
Thou Messenger of Fate!—So the hoarse Raven
Croaks o'er the Mansion of the dying Man,
And often warns him with this dismal Note,
To think upon his Tomb.

Æth. Or I mistake,
Or I was bid to treat of gentler Matters,
Kindly to ask at what auspicious Hour,
Your Royal Bridegroom and the Priest shou'd wait you.

Qu. Too well my boding Heart foretold thy Tidings.—

Now what Reply?—There is no Room for Choice,
'Tis one Degree of Infamy to doubt,

What must be must be—Let me then resolve;

'Tis only thus—no more—and I am free. [Aside.

Say to the *Samian* King, thy Master, thus;

When *Menelaus* and the Fate of Greece

Summon'd my Lord to *Troy*, he left behind him

None worthy of his Place in Love or Empire.

Æth. How, Lady!—Whither points her Meaning now? [Aside.

Qu. Say too, I've held his Merit in the Balance,

But find the Price of Honour so much greater,

That 'twere an Idiot's Bargain to exchange 'em;

Yet tell him too, I have my Sex's Weakness,

I have

I have a Mother's Fondness in my Eyes,
And all her tender Passions in my Heart.

Æth. Ay, there! 'Tis there she's lost! [*Aside.*

Qu. Nor can I bear

To see what more, far more than Life I joy in,
My only Pledge of Love, my Lord's dear Image,
My Son by bloody Hands mangled and murder'd;
(Oh terrible to Nature!) Therefore one,
One Remedy alone is left to save me,
To shield me from a Sight of so much Horror,
And tell *Eurymachus*, I find it——here.

[*She offers to stab her self; Æthon catches hold
of her Arm, and prevents her.*

Æth. Forbid it, Gods! perish the Tyrant rather,
Let *Samos* be no more.

Qu. Off! Off, thou Traitor!

Give way to my just Rage!——Oh tardy Hand!
To what hast thou betray'd me! Let me go,
Oh let me, let me die, or I will curse thee,
'Till Hell shall tremble at my Imprecations,
'Till Heav'n shall blast thee——lost!——undone for ever!

Æth. Oh Trifler that I am! *Mentor! Eumæus!*

[*They come forward.*

Come to my Aid!——Be calm but for a Moment,
And wait to see what Wonders it will shew thee.
Guard her upon your Lives, remember that,
Guard her from ev'ry Instrument of Death,
Sooth and assuage her Grief, till my Return
Unfold the mighty Secret of her Fate,
And once more reconcile her Soul to Peace. [*Ex. Æthon.*

Qu. And are you too my Foes? have you conspir'd
And join'd with that false *Æthon* to betray me?
Here sit thee down then, humbly in the Dust,

Here

Here sit, a poor, forlorn, abandon'd Woman;
Cast not thy Eyes up to yon' azure Firmament,
Nor hope Relief from thence, the Gods are pityless,
Or busie in their Heav'n, and thou not worth their
Care;

And oh! oh! cast 'em not on Earth, to seek
For Succour from the faithless Race of Man;
But as thou art forsaken and alone,
Hope not for Help, where there is none to help thee,
But think—'tis Desolation all about thee.

Men. Far be that Thought, to think you are forsaken;
Gods and good Men shall make you still their Care.
And oh! far be it from your faithful Servants,
For all those Honours mad Ambition toils for,
For all the Wealth that bribes the World to Wickedness,
For Hopes or Fears, for Pleasures or for Pains,
To leave our Royal Mistress in Distress.

Eum. At length Time's Fulness comes, and that great
Period,
For which so many tedious Years rowl'd round,
At length the white, the smiling Minute comes,
To wipe the Tears from those fair Eyes for ever;
That Good we daily pray'd for, but pray'd hopeless,
That Good, which ev'n the Prescience of the Gods
(So doubtfully was it set down in Fate,)
Uncertainly foresaw, and darkly promis'd,
That Good, one Day, the happiest of our Lives,
Freely and fortunately brings to pass.

Men. And hark! vindictive *Jove* prepares his Thunder,
[*Thunders.*
Let the Wrong-doer and the Tyrant tremble;
The Gods are present with us——And behold!
The solid Gloom of Night is rent asunder,

While Floods of daz'ling, pure ætherial Light,
 Break in upon the Shades—She comes, She comes!
Pallas, the Fautress of my Master's Arms,
 And see where terrible in Arms, Majestick,
 Celestial, and ineffably effulgent,
 She shakes her dreadful *Ægis* from the Clouds!
 Bend, bend to Earth, and own the present Deity.

[*It Thunders again.*

[*The Scene opens above, and discovers Pallas in the Clouds.*

[*They kneel.*

Eum. Daughter of mighty *Jove*, *Trisemonian Pallas*,
 Be favourable! oh!—oh! be propitious,
 And save the sinking House of thy *Ulysses*.

Men. Goddess of Arts and Arms, thou blue-ey'd
 Maid,

Be favourable! oh!—oh! be propitious,
 And glad thy Suppliants with some chearful Omen.

Qu. Virgin, begot and born of *Jove* alone,
 Chaste, Wife, Victorious, if by thy Assistance
 The *Greeks* were well aveng'd on Perjur'd *Troy*,
 If by thy Aid, my Lord from *Thracian Rhesus*
 Obtain'd his snowy Steeds, and brought successful
 Thy fatal Image to the Tents of *Greece*;
 Once more be favourable—be propitious,
 Restore my Lord—Or if that be deny'd,
 Grant me to share his Fate, and die with Honour.

[*Thunder again—The Scene closes above—They rise.*]

Men. The Goddess smiles—Most happy be the Omen!
 And to the Left auspicious rows the Thunder.

*Enter Æthon or Ulysses, without his Disguise,
 magnificently Arm'd and Habited.*

Qu. What other God art thou?—Oh sacred Form!
 I dream, I rave!—Why put'st thou on this Semblance?

What

What shall I call thee?—Say, speak, answer me.

[*She advances two or three Steps looking amazedly.*]

Son of *Laertes*? King! My Lord!—*Ulysses*!

Ulyss. Why dost thou gaze?—Am I so dreadful still?

Is there so much of *Aethon* still about me?

Or hast thou—is it possible—forgot me?

Do's not thy Heart acknowledge something here?

Qu. Nay 'tis, 'tis most impossible to Reason.

But what have I to do with Thought or Reason?

Thus Mad, Distracted, raging with my Joy,

I'll rush upon thee, clasp thee to my Bosom,

And if it be Delusion, let me die,

Here let me sink to everlasting Rest,

Just here, and never never think again.

Ulyss. No, live thou great Example of thy Sex,

Live for the World, for me, and for thy self,

Unnumber'd Blessings, Honours, Years of Happiness,

Crowns from the Gods, enrich'd with brightest Stars,

All Heav'n and Earth united in Applause,

Wait, with officious Duty, to reward thee.

Live to enjoy ev'n all thou hast deserv'd,

That fulness of Delight, of which these Arms

And this transporting Moment gives thee Earnest.

Qu. I gaze upon thy Face, and see thee here,

The fullen Pow'r's below, who rule the dead,

Have listen'd to my Weeping, and relented,

Have sent thee from *Elysium* back to me;

Or from the Deep, from Sea-green *Neptune's* Seats

Thou'rt risen like the Day-Star, or from Heav'n

Some God has brought thee on the Wings of Winds;

Oh Extacy!—But all that I can know,

Is that I wake and live, and thou art here,

Ulyss. Troy, I forgive thee now, ye Toils and Perils
Of my past Life, well are you paid at once.
For this the faithless *Syrens* sung in vain,
For this I scap'd the Des; of monstrous *Polypheme*,
Fled from *Calypso's* Bonds, and *Circe's* Charms,
For this seven Days, and seven long Winter Nights,
Shipwrack'd I floated on a driving Mast;
Tost by the Surge, pierc'd by the bitter Blasts
Of bleak North-Winds, and drench'd in the chill Wave,
I strove with all the Terrors of the Deep.

Qu. Yes thou hast born it all, I know thou hast,
These Wars, Winds, Magick, Monsters, all for me.
Blest be the Gracious Gods that gave thee to me!
Say then! Oh how shall I reward thy Labours?
But I will sit and listen to thy Story,
While thou recount'st it o'er; and when thou speak'st
Of Difficulties hard and near to Death,
I'll pity thee, and answer with my Tears;
But when thou com'st to say how the Gods sav'd
thee,

And how thy Virtue struggl'd through the Danger,
For Joy, I'll fold thee thus with soft Endearments,
And crown thy Conquest with Ten Thousand Kisses.

Ulyss. It is a heavy and a rueful Tale,
But thou wilt kindly share with me in all Things;
It shall be told thee then, whate'er I suffer'd,
Since, in a luckless Hour, I first set out,
Ev'n to that time, when scarce twice ten Days past,
As from *Phaacia* homeward bound to *Ithaca*,
A Storm o'ertook and wrack'd me on the Coast;
Alone and Naked was I cast a-shore,
And only to these faithful Two made known,
'Till *Jove* shou'd point me out some Opportunity,

Once more to seize my Right in thee and Empire.

Men. 'Tis hard, injurious, an Offence to Virtue,
To interrupt your Joys, ye Royal Pair,
But oh forgive your faithful Servant's Caution,
Think where you are, what Eyes malicious Chance
May bring to pry into the happy Secret,
Untimely to disclose the fatal Birth,
And rashly bring it immature to Light.

Ulyss. *Mentor*, thou warn'st us well—Retire, my Love.

Qu. What, must we part already?

Ulyss. For a Moment,
Like Waves divided by the gliding Bark,
That meet again, and mingle as before.

Qu. Be sure it be not longer.

Ulyss. Sweet, it sha' not,
I'll meet thee soon, and bring our mutual Blessing,
Our Son t'increase the Joy.

Qu. I must obey you,
Remember well how long thou hast been absent,
And what a poor Amends this short Enjoyment makes
me,

Oh I shall die with strong desire to see thee,
Shall think this one impatient Minute more,
Than all thy long, long Twenty Years before. [*Exit Queen.*]

Enter at the other Door Telemachus.

Tel. The Queen my Mother, past she not this Way?

Men. She did, my Lord, ev'n now.

Tel. Saw you not too

The *Samian* Princess, fair *Semanthe*, with her?
Say, went they not together?

Ulyss. Might I speak,

I think it is not fit they were together;
 For wherefore shou'd the Queen of *Ithaca*
 Hold Commerce with the Daughter of *Eurymachus*?
 Pardon me, Sir, I fear you are offended,
 And think this Boldness does not fit a Stranger.

Tel. 'Tis true thou art a Stranger to my Eyes,
 And yet, methought, thou spok'st with *Æthon's*
 Voice,

Save, that th' untoward Purpose of thy Words
 Seem'd harsh, ungentle, and not like my Friend.

Ulyss. What'er I seem, believe me, princely Youth,
 Thou hast not one, one dear selected Mate,
 That ought to stand before me in thy Heart;
 Tho' from your tender Infancy 'till now,
 He dwelt within thy Bosom, thou in his,
 Tho' every Year has knit the Band more close,
 Tho' Variance never knew you, but complying
 Each ever yielded to the other's Wishes,
 Tho' you have toil'd and rested, laugh'd and mourn'd,
 And ran thro' every part of Life together,
 Tho' he was all thy Joy, and thou all his,
 Yet sure he never lov'd thee more than I do.

Tel. Whoe'er thou art, (for tho' thou still art
Æthon,

Thou art not he, but something more and greater,)
 I feel the Force of every Word thou speak'st,
 My Soul is aw'd with reverential Fear,
 A Fear not irksome, for 'tis mix'd with Love,
 Ev'n such a Fear as that we worship Heav'n with;
 Oh pardon if I err, for if thou art not
Æthon, my Father's Friend, thou art some God.

Ulyss. If barely to have been thy Father's Friend
 Cou'd move thee to such tender, just Regards,

Thus,

Thus, let me thus indulge thy filial Virtue,

[Embracing him.]

Thus press thee in my Arms, my Pious Son,
And while my swelling Heart runs o'er with Joy,
Thus tell thee, that I am, I am thy Father.

Tel. Oh most amazing!—

Men. Yes, my Royal Charge,
At length behold thy God-like Sire, *Ulysses*,
Blest be my Age, with all its Cares and Sorrows;
Since it is lengthen'd out to see this Day,
To give thee back, thou dear entrusted Pledge,
Thus worthy as thou art, to thy great Father's Arms.

Tel. Oh 'tis most certain so, my Heart confesses
him,

My Blood and Spirits, all the Pow'rs of Life,
Acknowledge here the Spring from whence they
came.

Then let me bow me, cast me at his Feet,
There pay the humble Homage of my Duty,
There wet the Earth before him with my Tears,
The faithful Witnesses of Love and Joy,
And when my Tongue for Rapture can no more,
Silent, with lifted Eyes, I'll praise the Gods,
Who gave me back my King, my Lord, my Father.

Ulyss. Oh rise, thou Offspring of my Nuptial Joys,
Son of my Youth, and Glory of my Strength,
Rob not thy Father's Arms of so much Treasure,
But let us meet, as *Jove* and Nature meant us,
Thus, like a Pair of very faithful Friends:
And tho' I made harsh Mention of thy Love,
(Oh droop not at the Name) By blue-ey'd *Pallas*
I meant it not in angry, chiding Mood;
But with a tender and a fond Concern

Reminded

Reminded thee of what thou ow'st to Honour.

Tel. When I forget it, may the worst Afflictions,
Your Scorn, your Hate, and Infamy o'ertake me;
Be that th' important Bus'ness of my Life,
Let me be task'd to hunt for it thro' Danger,
Thro' all the Roar of the tumultuous Battel,
And dreadful din of Arms; there, if I fail,
May Cowards say I'm not *Ulysses* Son,
And the great Author of our Race disclaim me.

Ulyss. Oh Nobleness innate! Oh Worth divine!
Ætherial Sparks! that speak the Hero's Lineage,
How are you pleasing to me?—So the Eagle,
That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire *Jove*,
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring.
Forfake the Nest, to try his tender Pinions,
In the wide untract Air; till bolder grown
Now, like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold
He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;
Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Writhing his spiry Tale.

Tel. I wou'd be active,
Get me a Name distinguish'd from the Herd
Of common Men, a Name worthy my Birth.

Ulyss. Nor shalt thou want th' Occasion, now it
courts thee,
Stands ready, and demands thy Courage now,
Were I indeed as other Fathers are,
Did I but listen to soft Nature's Voice,
I shou'd not urge thee to this high Exploit,
For tho' it brings thee Fame, it brings thee Danger.

Tel.

Tel. Now by the God of War so much the better,
Let there be Honour for your Son to win,
And be the Danger ne'er so rude and deadly,
No matter, 'twill enhance the Prize the more,
And make it lovely in a brave Man's Eye ;
So *Hydra's* and *Chimera's* form'd in Gold,
Sit graceful underneath the nodding Plume,
And terribly adorn the Soldier's Helm.

Ulyss. Know then, on this important Night depends
The very *Crisis* of our Fate ; to Night,
The sleeping Vengeance of the Gods shall wake,
And speak Confusion to our Foes in Thunder,
Justice entrusts her Sword to this right Hand,
And I will see it faithfully employ'd.

Tel. By Virtue and by Arms 'tis noble Work,
I burn impatient for it—Oh my Father,
Give me my Portion of the glorious Labour.

Ulyss. One more immediate Danger threatens thy
Mother,
That to avert, must be thy pious Care ;
While *Mentor*, with *Eumæus* and our self,
Back'd by a chosen Band, (whom how prepar'd,
How gather'd to our Aid, the pressing Hour
Allows not now to tell,) Invade yon' Drunkards,
Immerst in Riot, careless, and defying
The Gods as Fables, start upon 'em sudden,
And send their guilty Souls to howl below,
Upon the Banks of *Styx* ; While this is doing,
Dar'st thou defend thy Mother ?

Tel. Oh ! to Death,
Against united Nations wou'd I stand
Her Soldier, her Defence, my single Breast
Oppos'd against the Rage of their whole War ;

She

She is so good, so worthy to be fought for,
The sacred Cause wou'd make my Sword successful,
And gain my Youth a mighty Name in Arms.

Ulyss. Then prove the Peril, and enjoy the Fame.
E're the Mid-hour of rowling Night approach,
Remember well to plant thee at that Door,
Thou know'st it opens to the Queen's Apartment.
To bind thee yet more firm; for oh my Son,

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

With powerful Opposition shalt thou strive,
Swear on my Sword, by thy own filial Piety,
By all our Race, by *Pallas* and by *Jove*,
If any of these cursed Foreign Tyrants,
Those Rivals of thy Father's Love and Honour,
Shall dare to pass thro' that forbidden Entrance,
To take his Forfeit Life for the Intrusion.

Tel. I swear——— And may my Lot in future
Fame

[*Telemachus kneels and kisses the Sword.*]

Be Good or Evil but as I perform it.

Ulyss. Enough——I do believe thee.

Men. Hark! my Lord!

[*A confused Noise is heard within.*]

How loud the Tempest roars! The bellowing Voice
Of wild, enthusiastick, raging Mirth,
With Peals of Clamour shakes the vaulted Roof.

Tel. Such surely is the Sound of mighty Armies
In Battel join'd, of Cities sack'd at Midnight,
Of many Waters, and united Thunders;
My gen'rous Soul takes fire, and half repines,
To think she must not share the glorious Danger,
Where Numbers wait you, worthy of your Swords.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. No more, thou hast thy Charge, look well to that;
For these, these riotous Sons of Noise and Uproar,
I know their Force, and know I am *Ulysses*.
So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of *Atoms*,
And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet
Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being,
But Discord and Confusion troubled all;
Calm and serene upon his Throne he sat,
Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate,
Safe in himself, because he knew his Pow'r;
And knowing what he was, he knew he was secure,

[*Exeunt*]

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I

Enter Telemachus and Antinous.

Ant. **T**HE King return'd? So long conceal'd in *Ithaca*?
Aethon the King? What Words can speak my
Wonder?

Tel. Yes, my *Antinous*, 'tis most amazing,
'Tis all the mighty working of the Gods,
Unsearchable and dark to human Eyes:
But oh, let me conjure thee by our Friendship,
Since to thy faithful Breast alone I've trusted
The fatal Secret, to preserve it safe,
As thou wou'd'st do the Life of thy *Telemachus*.

Ant. Wrong not the Truth of your devoted Slave,
To think he wou'd betray you for whole Worlds.
Have you not said it, that your own dear Life,

And

And all your Royal Race, depends upon it?
 Far from my Lips, within my Breast I'll keep it;
 Nor breath it softly to my self alone,
 Lest some officious murmuring Wind should tell it,
 And babbling Eccho's catch the feeble Sound.

Tel. No, thou art true, such have I ever found thee;
 But haste, my Friend, and summon to thy Aid
 What Force the shortness of the Time allows thee;
 Then with thy swiftest Diligence return,
 Since, as I urg'd to thee before, it may
 Import the Safety of my Royal Parents.
 Some black Design is by these Stranger-Princes
 Contriv'd against the Honour of the Queen.

Ant. E're Night a busie Rumour ran around
 Of armed Parties secretly dispos'd
 Between the Palace-Gardens and the Sea;
 Bold *Cleon* strait and *Arcas* I dispatch'd
 To search the Truth; that known, with haste to raise
 And arm our Citizens for your Defence:
 E're this they have obey'd me; when I've join'd
 The Pow'r their Diligence has drawn together,
 I'll wait you here again upon the Instant.

[*Exit Antinous.*]

Tel. Oh Love, how are thy precious, sweetest Minutes
 Thus ever crost, thus vext with Disappointments!
 Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quarrels
 And sullen Coldness give us Pain by turns;
 Malicious meddling Chance is ever busie
 To bring us Fears, Disquiet, and Delays;
 And ev'n at last, when after all our waiting,
 Eager, we think to snatch the dear-bought Bliss,
 Ambition calls us to its sullen Cares,
 And Honour stern, impatient of Neglect,

Com-

Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures;
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Bus'ness of our Lives.

Enter Eurymachus.

Eur. The Prince yet here! Twice have I sought,
since Night,
To pass in private to the Queen's Apartment,
But found him still attending at the Door;
What can it mean?

Tel. It is *Semanthe's* Father!
Ha! — Sure the Gods, in pity of our Loves,
Have destin'd him to 'scape *Ulysses'* Vengeance.

Eur. How comes it, gentle Youth, when Wine and
Mirth

Chear ev'ry Heart to Night, and banish Care,
I find thee pensively alone, avoiding
The Pleasures and Companions of thy Youth,
And like the sighing Slave of Sorrow, wasting
The tedious Time in melancholy Thought?

Tel. Behold the Ruins of my Royal House,
My Father's Absence, and my Mother's Grief,
Then tell me if I have not Cause too great
To mourn, to pine away my Youth in Sadness.

Eur. Our Daughter once was wont to share your
Thoughts;

Believe me, she has Reason to complain,
If you prefer your Solitude to her;
While here you stay, disconsolate and musing,
Lonely she sits, the tender-hearted Maid,
And kindly thinks of you, and mourns your Absence.

Tel. The constant, faithful Service of my Life,
My Days and Nights devoted all to her,
Poorly repay the fair *Semanthe's* Goodness:

Yet

Yet they are her's, ev'n all my Years are hers;
 My present Youth, my future Age is hers,
 All but this Night, which here I've sworn to pass,
 Revolving many a sad and heavy Thought,
 And ruminating on my wretched Fortunes.

Eur. How! here! — to pass it here! —

Tel. Ev'n here, my Lord.

Eur. Fantastick Accident! — Whence cou'd this
 come? [*Aside.*]

Well, Sir, pursue your Thoughts; I have some Matters
 Of great and high Import, which on the Instant
 I must deliver to the Queen, your Mother.

Tel. Whate'er it be, you must of Force delay it
 'Till Morning.

Eur. How, delay it! — 'tis impossible.
 But wherefore? — Say.

Tel. The Queen is gone to Rest,
 Opprest and wasted with the Toil of Sorrows,
 Weary as miserable painful Hinds,
 That labour all the Day to get 'em Food,
 She seeks some Ease, some Interval of Cares,
 From the kind God of Sleep, and sweet Repose.
 E're she retir'd she left most strict Command,
 None shou'd approach her 'till the Morning's Dawn.

Eur. Whate'er those Orders were, I have my Reasons
 To think my self excepted: — And whoe'er
 Brought you the Message, through officious Haste
 Mistook the Queen, and has inform'd you wrong.

Tel. Not so, my Lord; for as I honour Truth,
 Ev'n from her self did I receive the Charge.

Eur. Vexation and Delay! — Then 'tis thy own,
 Thy Error, and thou heard'st not what she said.
 I tell thee, Prince, 'tis at her own Request,

Her

Her Bidding, that at this appointed Hour
I wait her here, detain me then no more
With tedious vain Replies, for I must pass.

Tel. Were it to any but *Semante's* Father,
That Mistress of my Reason and my Passions,
Who charming both makes both submit alike,
Perhaps I shou'd in rougher Terms have answer'd,
But here imperious Love demands Respect,
Constrains my Temper, to my Speech gives Law,
And I must only say You cannot pass.

Eur. Ha! ——— Who shall bar me?

Tel. With the gentlest Words
Which Reverence and Duty can invent
I will intreat you not to do a Violence,
Where nought is meant to you but worthiest Honour.

Eur. Oh trifling, idle Talker! ——— know, my Purpose

Is not of such a light, fantastick Nature,
That I shou'd quit it for a Boy's Intreaty.
More than my Life or Empire it imports,
All that good Fortune or the Gods can do for me
Depends upon it, and I will have Entrance.

Tel. Nay then 'tis time to speak like what I am,
And tell you, Sir, you must not, nor you sha' not.

Eur. 'Twere safer for thy rash, unthinking Youth
To stand the Mark of Thunder, than to thwart me;
Beware lest I forget thy Mother's Tears,
The Merit of her soft complying Sorrows,
Dreadful in Fury lest I rush upon thee,
Grasp thy frail Life, and break it like a Bubble,
To be dissolv'd, and mixt with common Air.

Tel. Oh 'tis long since that I have learnt to hold
My Life from none, but from the Gods who gave it,

Nor

Nor mean to render it on any Terms,
Unless those Heav'nly Donors ask it back.

Eur. Know'st thou what 'tis to tempt a Rage like mine?

But listen to me, and repent thy Folly.

This Night, this Night ordain'd of old for Bliss,

Mark'd from the rest of the revolving Year,

And set apart for Happiness by Fate,

The charming Queen, thy Mother, is my Bride.

Tel. Confusion! Curses on the Tongue that spoke it!

Eur. To Night she yields, ev'n for thy sake she yields:

To Night the lovely Miser grown indulgent

Reveals her Stores of Beauty long reserv'd,

She bids me revel with the hidden Treasure,

And pay my self for all her Years of Coldness.

Tel. Perdition on the Falshood!

Eur. Dare not then

To cross my Transports longer; if thou dost,

By all the Pangs of disappointed Love, [*Drawing.*

I'll force my Way, thus through thy Heart's best Blood.

Tel. How is my Piety and Virtue lost,

And all the Heav'nly Fire extinct within me!

I hear the sacred Name of her that bore me

Traduc'd, dishonour'd by a Ruffian's Tongue,

And am I tame!—Love, and ye softer Thoughts,

I give you to the Winds.—Know, King of *Samos*,

Thy Breath, like pestilential Blasts, infects

The Air, and grows offensive to the Gods:

If thou but whisper one Word more, one Accent

Against my Mother's Fame, it is thy last.

Eur.

Eur. Brav'd by a Boy!—a Boy!—the Nurse's
Milk

Yet moist upon his Lip,—feeble in Infancy,
Effaying the first Rudiments of Manhood,
With Strength unpractis'd yet, and unconfirm'd,
Oh Shame to Arms!—But I have born too long,
Fly swift, avoid the Tempest of my Fury,
Or thus I'll pour it in a Whirlwind on thee,
Dash thee to Atoms thus, and toss thee round the
World.

Tel. I laugh at all that Rage, and thus I meet it.

[*They fight.*

Eur. Hell and Confusion!—to thy Heart.—

Tel. To thine.

This Greeting I return.—

Eur. The Furies seize thee, [*Eurymachus falls.*
Thou hast struck me to the Earth, blasted my Hopes,
The partial Gods are leagu'd with thee against me,
To load me with Dishonour—oh my Fortune!
Where is my Name in Arms, the boasted Trophies
Of my past Life for ever lost, defac'd,
And ravish'd from me by a heedless Stripling.

Tel. What means this soft Relenting in my Soul?
What Voice is this that sadly whispers to me,
Behold *Semantke's* Father bleeds to Death?

Why would you urge me? [*To Eurymachus.*

Eur. Off, and come not near me,
But let me curse my Fate, and die contented.

Tel. And see he sinks yet paler to the Earth,
The Purple Torrent gushes out impetuous,
And with a guilty Deluge stains the Ground:
No help at Hand! what ho!—*Antinom.*

[*Exit.*

Eur.

Eur. Let there be none, no Witness of my Shame,
Nor let officious Art presume to offer
Its Aid, for I have liv'd too long already.

Enter Semanthe.

Sem. Sure I have staid too long, and while I fate
Sadly attentive to the weeping Queen,
Hearing her tell of Sorrows upon Sorrows,
Ev'n to a lamentable length of Woe,
Th' appointed Hour of Love pass'd by unheeded;
My Lord perhaps will chide; oh no!—He's gentle,
And will not urge me with my first Offence.
Just as I enter'd here the Bird of Night
Ill-boading shriek'd, and strait, methought, I heard
A low complaining Voice, that seem'd to murmur
At some hard Fate, and groan to be reliev'd.
Ye gracious Gods be good to my *Telemachus*!

Eur. Ha! What art thou that dost thy Hostile
Orisons

Offer to Heav'n for my Mortal Foe?

Sem. Guardians of Innocence, ye Holy Pow'rs,
Defend me, save me.

Eur. Art thou not *Semanthe*?

Sem. My Father!—On the Ground!—Bloody and
Pale! [Running to him, and kneeling by him.
Oh Horror! Horror!—Speak to me—Say who—
What curst Hand has done this dreadful Deed?
That with my Cries I may call out for Justice,
Call to the Gods, and to my dear *Telemachus*,
For Justice on my Royal Father's Murderer.

Eur. If there be yet one God will listen to thee,
Sollicit him, that only equal Power,
To rain down Plagues, and Fire, and swift Destruction,

Ev'n all his whole Artillery of Vengeance,
On him, who, aided by my adverse Stars,
Robb'd me of Glory, Love, and Life——*Telemachus.*

Sem. What says my Father!—no!—it is impossible!
He could not—would not—for *Semanthe's* sake.——

Enter Telemachus.

Tel. Alas!—there is none near—no Help—*Semanthe!* [*Crying out.*

Eur. And see he bears the Trophy of his Conquest;
Behold his Sword yet reeking with my Blood,
Then doubt no more, nor ask whom thou shou'dst
curse;

It is *Telemachus*——on whom revenge me,
But on *Telemachus*——Why do I leave thee
A helpless Orphan in a Foreign Land,
But for *Telemachus*, who tears me from thee?

Telemachus——why is thy King and Father
Stretch'd on the Earth a cold and lifeless Coarse,
Inglorious and forgotten——Oh! *Telemachus!* [*Dies.*

Sem. Cruel!—unkind and cruel!——

[*She faints and falls upon the Body of Eurymachus.*

Tel. She faints,

Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids—wake, wake, *Semanthe*,
Oh let me raise thee from this Seat of Death;

[*Raising her up, and supporting her in his Arms.*
Lift up thy Eyes——Wilt thou not speak to me?

Sem. Let me forget the Use of ev'ry Sense,
Let me not see, nor hear, nor speak again
After that Sight, and those most dreadful Sounds.
Where am I now?—What!—lodg'd within thy Arms!
Stand off, and let me fly from thee for ever,

D

Swifter

Swifter than Light'ning, Winds or winged Time;
 Fly from thee 'till there be whole Worlds to part us,
 'Till Nature fix her Barriers to divide us,
 Her frozen Regions, and her burning Zones,
 'Till Danger, Death and Hell do stand betwixt us,
 And make it Fate that we shall never meet.

Tel. 'Tis just; I own thy Rage is just, *Semantke*;
 Each fatal Circumstance is strong against me;
 'Then if thy Heart severely is resolv'd
 Never to listen when I plead for Mercy,
 Tho' Piety and Honour join with Love,
 And humbly at thy Feet make Intercession:
 If thou art deaf to all, then this alone
 Is left me, to receive my Doom, and die.

Sem. Are Love, are Piety and Honour Parricides?
 Are they like thee? Do they delight in Blood?
 Oh no! Celestial Sweetness dwells with them,
 Friendly Forgiveness, Gentleness and Peace,
 Mercy and Joy; but thou hast violated
 The Sacred Train, brought Murther in amongst 'em:
 And see, displeas'd, to Heav'n they take their Flight,
 And have abandon'd thee and me for ever.

Tel. If sudden Fury have not chang'd thee quite,
 If there be any of *Semantke* left,
 One tender Thought of that dear Maid remaining,
 Yet, I conjure thee, hear me.

Sem. 'Tis in vain,
 And that known Voice can never charm me more.

Tel. Be Witcnfs for me, Heav'n, with what Reluctance,
 My Hand was lifted for this Fatal Stroke,
 With Injuries which Manhood could not brook,
 With Violence, with proud insulting Scorn,
 And ignominious Threat'nings was I urg'd;

Long, long, I strove with rising Indignation,
And long repress'd my swelling, youthful Rage;
I groan'd, and felt an Agony within:
'Twas hard indeed—but to my self I said,
It is *Semantbe's* Father, and I'll bear it.

Sem. And cou'dst thou do more? Call'st thou these
Sufferings?

These short tumultuous, momentary Passions?
What would not I have born for thee, thou cruel one?
For thee, so fondly was my Heart set on thee,
Forgetful of my tender, helpless Sex,
I would have wander'd over the wide World,
Known all Calamities and all Distresses,
Sickness and Hunger, Cold and bitter Want;
For thee retir'd within some gloomy Cave,
I would have wasted all my Days in Weeping,
And liv'd and dy'd a Wretch to make thee happy;
'Till I had been a Story to Posterity;
'Till Maids, in After-times, had said, Behold
How much she suffer'd for the Man she lov'd.

Tel. And is there any one, the most afflicting
Of all those Miseries Mankind is born to,
Which for thy sake I would refuse?—But oh!
Mine was a harder, a severer Task;
The Queen, my Mother, trusted to my Charge,
My Royal Father's Honour, and my own.
The Pledges of Eternal Fame or Infamy,
United urg'd, and call'd upon my Sword.

Sem. What is this vain, fantastick Pageant, Honour,
This busy, angry thing, that scatters Discord
Amongst the mighty Princes of the Earth,
And sets the madding Nations in an Uproar?
But let it be the Worship of the Great,

Well hast thou warn'd me, and I'll make it mine ;
 Yes, Prince, its dread Command shall be obey'd,
 Our *Samian* Arms shall pour Destruction on you,
 Your yellow Harvests and your Towns shall blaze,
 The Sword shall rage, and universal Wailings
 Be heard amongst the Mothers of your *Ithaca*,
 'Till War it self grow weary and relent,
 And that poor bleeding King be well reveng'd.

Tel. Haste then, and let the Trumpet sound to Arms,
Semanthe's Vengeance shall not be delay'd ;
 Prepare for Slaughter and wide-wasting Ruin,
 Prepare to feel her Wrath, ye wretched *Ithacans* ;
 Lift not a Sword, nor bend a Bow against her,
 But all like me, with low Submission meet her,
 And let us yield up our devoted Lives,
 Nor once implore her Mercy——for alas !
 Cruel *Semanthe* has forgot to pardon :
 For Blood, Destruction and Revenge she calls,
 And Gentleness and Love are Strangers to her.

Sem. Love !—Did'st thou speak of Love ?—Oh ill-
 tim'd Thought !

Behold it there ! behold the Love thou bear'st me !

[*Pointing to the Body of Eurymachus.*]

Behold that ! that !—more dreadful than *Medusa*,
 It drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,
 And freezes every stiff'ning Limb to Marble.
 Seest thou that gaping Wound, and that black Blood
 Congealing on that pale, that ashy Breast ?
 Then mark the Face—how Pain and Rage, with all
 The Agonies of Death sit fresh upon it :
 This was my Father—Was there none on Earth,
 No Hand but thine ?——

Tel. Within my own sad Heart

I felt

I felt the Steel before it reach'd to his.
How much more happy is his Lot?—The Sleep
Of Death is on him, and he is in Peace;
While I, condemn'd to live, must mourn for him,
Mourn for my self, and, to compleat my Woes,
Feel all thy Pains redoubled on *Telemachus*.

Sem. I know thou hat'st me, and that deadly Blow
Was meant to do a Murther on *Semantke*.
But oh! it needed not, for thy Unkindness
Had been as fatal to me as thy Sword.
If one cold Look, one angry Word had told me,
That thou wert chang'd, and I was grown a Burthen to
thee,

I should have understood thy cruel Purpose,
Sate down to weep, and broke my Heart and dy'd.

Tel. It is too much, and I will bear no more;
Oh thou unjust, thou lovely false Accuser,
How hast thou wrong'd my tender, faithful Love,
In spite of all these Horrors of my Guilt,
And that malignant Fate that doom'd me to it;
In spite of all, I will appeal to thee
Ev'n to thy self, inhuman as thou art,
If ever Maid was yet belov'd before thee
With such Heart-aking, eager, anxious Fondness,
As that with which my Soul desires my dear *Semantke*.

Sem. Detested be the Name of Love for ever!
Henceforth let easy Maids be warn'd by me,
No more to trust your Breasts that heave with Sighing,
Your moving Accents, and your melting Eyes;
Whene'er you boast your Truth then let 'em fly you,
Then scorn you, for 'tis then you mean Deceiving;
If yet there should some fond Believer be,
Let the false Man betray the Wretch like thee,

Like thee, the lost, repenting Fool disclaim,
 For Crowns, Ambition, and your Idol, Fame;
 When warm, when languishing with sweet Delight,
 Wishing she meets him, may he blast her Sight,
 With such a Murther on her Bridal Night. *Exit.*

Tel. Now arm thee for the Conflict, oh my Soul,
 And see how thou can'st bear *Semanthe's* Loss;
 For she is lost——most certain——gone irrevocable,
Mentor nor *Æthon* now, my King, my Father
 Shall need t'upbraid me with th'unhappy Passion;
 Ha! that has wak'd a Thought——'Tis certain so,
 And this is all the Work of cruel Policy:
 The Danger of the Queen was from *Eurymachus*,
 Therefore my Sword was chosen to oppose it,
 That it might cut the Bands of Love asunder;
 Oh Dreamer that I was!——

Enter Antinous, Cleon and Arcas with Soldiers.

Ant. My Lord, where are you?
 Thus to his Son our King, the great *Ulysses*
 By me commands, Your Royal Mother's Danger
 Is now no more, since all the Rival Princes
 Are in the Hall beset, and ev'n this Moment
 Revenge and Slaughter are let loose among 'em;
 Haste then to join your God-like Father's Arms,
 To bring your pious Valour to his Aid,
 And share the Conquest and the Glory with him.

Tel. Ha! Com'st thou from the Hall, *Antinous*?

Ant. Ev'n now, my Lord, as I was hasting hither
 It was my Chance to meet my Royal Master;
 Eager with Joy I threw me at his Feet,
 With wond'rous Grace he rais'd me and embrac'd me,
 Then bid me fly to bear his Orders to you.
 By the loud Cries, the Shouts, and clash of Arms,

Which,

Which, just as I had left him, struck my Ear,
I guess e're this, the Combat is begun.

Tel. Yes, yes, my Friend, that Danger of the Queen
Is now no more: — However, be thou near
To guard her, to support her, lest the Terrors
Of this tumultuous, this most dreadful Night,
May shake her Soul: — I will obey the King,
And gladly lose the Life he gave me, for him.
And since the Pleasure of my Days is lost,
Since my Youth's dearest, only Hopes are cross'd,
Careless of all, I'll rush into the War,
Provoke the lifted Sword and pointed Spear,
'Till all o'er Wounds I sink amidst the Slain,
And bless the friendly Hand that rids me of my Pain.

[Exit *Tel.*

Cleon. Behold, my Lord, and wonder here with us;
The *Samian* King! —

Ant. Eurymachus! — 'Tis he;
Surprising Accident! — Whence came this Blow?
But 'tis no matter, since it makes for us,
Nor have we Time to waste in vain Enquiry;
Let it suffice that we have lost an Enemy.
Haste to the Queen, my *Cleon*, and persuade her
To seek her Safety with us in the City:
If she refuse, bear her away by Force.
Do you attend him. —

[To the Soldiers.

Arc. Had you ta'en my Counsel,
The Prince shou'd not have 'scap'd us.

Ant. Arcas, no!

A Life like his is but a single Stake,
Unworthy the Contention it might cost:
Gaining the Queen, I have whate'er I wish.
Fear of the *Samians* and the subtle King

Forbad my coming with a stronger Power,
 Lest they had ta'en th' Alarm, and turn'd upon us :
 Therefore I held it safer by a Wile
 To work upon the Youth, and send him hence,
 And that way gain Admittance to his Mother.

Ant. Our *Ithacans*, who give the King for lost,
 Shall deem this Tale of his Return a Fable ;
 Or tho' they shou'd believe it, yet will join us,
 And with united Arms assist your Cause.
 Why do we linger then ? — Heard you that Cry ?

[*Cry of Women within.*

Successful *Cleon*, of his Prey possess'd,
 Leads us the Way, and hastens to the City.

Ant. Come on, and let the crafty fam'd *Ulysses*
 Repine and rage, by happier Frauds excell'd.
 Let the forsaken Husband vainly mourn
 His tedious Labours, and his late Return ;
 In vain to *Pallas* and to *Jove* complain,
 That *Troy* and *Hector* are reviv'd again.
 Possess'd, like happy *Paris*, of the Fair,
 I'll lengthen out my Joys with Ten Years War,
 And think the rest of Life beneath a Lover's Care.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the City.*

Enter severally Mentor and Eumæus.

Eum. **W**Here is the Joy, the Boast of Conquest now?
In vain we triumph o'er our foreign Tyrants,
So soon to perish by domestick Foes.
Why shone the great *Ulysses* dreadful, fierce
As *Mars*, and mighty as *Phlegraan Jove*?
Why reeks yon' Marble Pavement with the Slaughter
Of Rival Kings that fell beneath his Sword,
Victims to injur'd Honour and Revenge?
Since by the fatal Error of *Telemachus*,
The Prize for which we fought, the Queen is lost,
Is yielded up a Prey to false *Antinous*.

Men. He trusted in the Holy Name of Friendship,
And, conscious of his own Uprightness, thought
The Man whom he had plac'd so near his Heart
Had shar'd as well his Virtues as his Love.

Eum. How bears the Prince this Chance?

Men. Alas! *Eumæus*,
His Griefs have rent my aged Heart asunder;
Stretch'd on the damp unwholsome Earth he lies,
Nor had my Pray'rs or Tears the power to raise him;
Now motionless as Death his Eyes are fix'd,
And then anon he starts and casts 'em upwards,
And groaning, cries, I am th' accurst of Heav'n,
My Mother! my *Semanthe*! and my Mother!

Eum. The King, whose equal Temper, like the Gods,
Was ever calm and constant to it self,
Struck with the sudden, unexpected Evil,
Was mov'd to Rage, and chid him from his Sight.
But now returning to the Father's Fondness,
He had me seek him out, speak Comfort to him,
And bring him to his Arms. /

Men. Where have you left
Our Royal Master?

Eum. Near the Palace-Gate,
Attended by those few, those faithful few,
Who dare be loyal at a time like this,
When ev'n their utmost Hope is but to die for him.

Men. That last Relief, that Refuge of Despair
Is all I fear is left us. ——— From the City
Each Moment brings the growing Danger nearer;
There's not a Man in *Ithaca* but arms;
A thousand blazing Fires make bright the Streets,
Huge gabbling Crowds gather, and roul along
Like roaring Seas that enter at a Breach;
The neighb'ring Rocks, the Woods, the Hills, the Dales,
Ring with the deaf'ning Sound, while bold Rebellion
With impious Peals of Acclamation greets.
Her trait'rous Chief *Antinous*. ——— Where is then
One Glimpse of Safety, when we hardly number
Our Friends a Twentieth Part of this fierce Multitude?

Eum. Yet more, the *Samians*, by whose Arms assisted
We late prevail'd against the riotous Woers,
By some sinister Chance have learnt the Fate
Of their dead Monarch, and call loud for Vengeance;
With cloudy Brows the fullen Captains gather
In murm'ring Crouds around their weeping Princess,
As if they waited from her mournful Lips

The Signal for Destruction, from her Sorrows
Catching new Matter to encrease their Rage,
And vowing to repay her Tears with Blood.
But see she comes, attended with her Guard.

Men. Retire, and let us haste to seek the Prince;
This Danger threatens him: If he should meet 'em,
His Piety would be repaid with Death;
Nor cou'd his Youth or God-like Courage save him,
Unequally oppress'd and crush'd by Numbers.

[*Exeunt Mentor and Eumæus.*]

*Enter Two Samian Captains, and Soldiers; some bearing
the Body of Eurymachus: Semanthe following with
Officers and Attendants.*

Sem. Ye valiant Samian Chiefs, ye faithful Followers
Of your unhappy King, justly perform
Your pious Office to his sacred Relicks,
Bear to your Fleet his pale, his bloody Coarse;
Nor let his discontented Ghost repine,
To think his injur'd Ashes shall be mix'd
With the detested Earth of cruel *Ithaca*.

1 Capt. Oh, Royal Maid, whose Tears look lovely
on thee,
Whose Cares the Gods shall favour and reward;
Queen of our *Samos* now, to whom we offer
Our humble Homage, to whose just Command
We vow Obedience, suffer not the Seaman
T' unfurl his Sails, or call the Winds to swell 'em;
'Till the fierce Soldier have indulg'd his Rage;
'Till from the curled Darlings of their Youth,
And from the fairest of their Virgin-Daughters,
We've chose a thousand Victims for a Sacrifice,
T' appease the *Manes* of our murder'd Lord.

Sem. Now! now *Semantke*! wilt thou name the Murth'rer?

Wilt thou direct their Vengeance where to strike? [*Aside.*
 Oh, my sad Heart! ——— Haste to dispose in Safety
 Your venerable Load; and if you lov'd him,
 If you remember what he once was to you,
 How great, how good and gracious, yield this Proof
 Of early Faith and Duty to his Daughter,
 Restrain the Soldier's Fury, 'till I name
 The Wretch by whom my Royal Father fell.
 Let some attend the Body to the Shore,
 The rest be near, and wait me. ———

[*Exeunt some with the Body; the rest retire wishin
 the Scene, and wait as at a Distance.*

Enter at the other Door Telemachus.

Tel. Why was I born? why sent into the World,
 Ordain'd for mischievous Misdeeds, and fated
 To be the Curse of them that gave me Being?
 Why was this Mass ta'en from the Heap of Matter,
 Where innocent and senseless it had rested,
 To be indu'd with Form, and vex'd with Motion?
 How happy had it been for all that know me,
 If Barrenness had bless'd my Mother's Bed;
 Nor had she been dishonoured then, nor lost,
 Nor curst the fatal Hour in which she bore me:
 Love had not been offended for *Semantke*,
 Nor had that Fair One known a Father's Loss.

Sem. What kind Companion of *Semantke's* Woes
 Is that, who wand'ring in this dreadful Night
 Sighs out her Name with such a mournful Accent?
 Ha! ——— but thou art *Telemachus* ——— let Darkness
 Still spread her gloomy Mantle o'er thy Visage,

And

And hide thee from those weeping Eyes for ever.

Tel. Yes, veil thy Eyes, or turn 'em far from me,
For who can take Delight to gaze on Misery?
Fly from the Moan, the Cry of the afflicted,
From the Complaining of a wounded Spirit,
Lest my contagious Grievs, take hold on thee,
And ev'ry Groan I utter pierce thy Heart.

Sem. Oh soft enchanting Sorrows! never was
The Voice of Mourning half so sweet——oh who
Can listen to the Sound, and not be mov'd,
Not bear a Part, like me, and share in all his Pain? [*Aside.*

Tel. But if perhaps thy Fellow-Creature's Sufferings
Are grown a Pleasure to thee, (for alas!
Much art thou alter'd) then in me behold
More than enough to satisfy thy Cruelty;
Behold me here the Scorn, the easie Prize
Of a protesting, faithless, Villain Friend.
I have betray'd my Mother, I betray'd her,
Ev'n I, her Son, whom with so many Cares
She nurs'd and fondled in her tender Bosom.
Wou'd I had dy'd before I saw this Day!
I left her, I forsook her in Distress,
And gave her to the Mercy of a Ravisher.

Sem. Yes, I have heard, with Grief of Mind redoubled,
The too hard Fortune of the pious Queen;
For her my Eyes enlarge and swell their Streams,
Tho' well thou know'st what Cause they had before
To lavish all their Tears: I pity her,
I mourn her injur'd Vertue; but for thee,
What'er the righteous Gods have made thee suffer,
Just is the Doom, and equal to thy Crimes.

Tel. 'Tis Justice all, and see I bow me down
With Patience and Submission to the Blow,

Nor

Nor is it fit that such a Wretch as I am
 Should walk with Face erect upon the Earth,
 And hold Society with Man——oh therefore
 Let me conjure thee by those tender Ties
 Which held us once, when I was dear to thee,
 And thou to me, as Life to living Creatures,
 Or Light and Heat to universal Nature,
 The Comfort and Condition of its Being,
 Compleat th' imperfect Vengeance of the Gods,
 Call forth the valiant *Samians* to thy Aid,
 Bid 'em strike here, and here revenge——
Sem. Oh hold,
 Stay thy rash Tongue, nor let it speak of Horrors
 That may be fatal to——

Tel. What mean'st thou?

Sem. Something

For which I want a Name——Is there none near?

[*Looking about.*

No conscious Ear to catch the guilty Sound?
 None to upbraid my Weakness, call me Parricide,
 And charge me as consenting to the Murther?
 For oh my Shame! my Shame! I must confess it,
 Tho' Piety and Honour urg'd me on,
 Tho' Rage and Grief had wrought me to Distraction,
 I durst not, cou'd not, wou'd not once accuse thee.

Tel. And wherefore art thou merciful in vain?

Oh do not load me with that Burthen Life,
 Unless thou give me Love, to chear my Labours.
 Tell me, *Semantke*, is it, is it thus
 The Bride and Bridegroom meet? Are Tears and
 Mourning,

This Bitterness of Grief, and these Lamentings,
 Are these the Portion of our Nuptial Night?

Sem.

Sem. But thou, thou only did'st prevent the Joy,
'Tis thou hast turn'd the Blessing to a Curse ;
Live therefore, live, and be, if it be possible,
As great a Wretch as thou hast made *Semantke*.

Tel. It shall be so,——I will be faithful to thee,
For Days, for Months, for Years I will be miserable,
Protract my Suff'rings ev'n to hoary Age,
And linger out a tedious Life in Pain ;
In spight of Sickness, and a broken Heart,
I will endure for Ages to obey thee.

Sem. Oh never shalt thou know Sorrows like mine,
Never despair, never be curs'd, as I am.
Yes, I will open my afflicted Breast,
And sadly shew thee ev'ry secret Pain.
Tho' Hell and Darkness with new Monsters teem,
Tho' Furies hideous to behold ascend,
Toss their infernal Flames, and yell around me ;
Tho' my offended Father's angry Ghost
Shou'd rise all pale and bloody just before me,
'Till my Hair started up, my Sight were blasted,
And ev'ry trembling Fibre shook with Horror ;
Yet——yet——oh yet I must confess I love thee !

Tel. Then let our envious Stars oppose in vain
Their baleful Influence, to thwart our Joys ;
My Love shall get the better of our Fate,
Prevent the Malice of that hard Decree,
That seem'd to doom us to eternal Sorrows ;
And yet in spight of all we will be happy.

Sem. Let not that vain, that faithless Hope deceive
thee,
For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis certainly decreed,
Fix'd as that Law by which Imperial Jove,
According to his Prescience and his Pow'r,

Ordains

Ordains the Sons of Men to Good or Evil;
 'Tis certain, ev'n our Love and all the Mis'ries
 Which must attend that Love are not more certain,
 Than that this Moment we must part for ever.

Tel. How!—Part for ever?—That's a way indeed

To make us Miserable,—Is there none,
 No other sad Alternative of Grief,
 No other Choice but this?—What, must we part for ever?

Sem. Oh sigh not, nor complain—Is not thy Hand
 Stain'd with my Father's Blood? Justice and Nature,
 The Gods demand it, and we must obey:

Yes, I must go, the pressing Minutes call me,
 Where these fond Eyes shall never see thee more,
 No more with languishing Delight gaze on thee,
 Feed on thy Face, and fill my Heart with Pleasure;
 Where Day and Night shall follow one another,
 Tedious alike and irksome, and alike
 Wasted in weary Loneliness and Weeping.

Tel. Here then, my Soul, take thy Farewel of Happiness;

That and *Semantke* fly together from thee:
 Henceforth renounce all Commerce with the World,
 Nor hear, nor see, nor once regard what passes.
 Let mighty Kings contend, ambitious Youth
 Arm for the Battel, Seasons come and go;
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, with their fruitful Pleasures,

And Winter with its silver Frost, let Nature
 Display in vain her various Pomp before thee,
 'Tis wretched all, 'tis all not worth thy Care,
 'Tis all a Wilderness without *Semantke*.

Sem.

Sem. One last, one guilty Proof, how much I love thee;

(Forgive it Gods!) *Ceraunus* and the *Samians*
Shall bring thee from me e'er I part from *Ithaca*.
That done, I'll haste, I'll fly, as I have sworn
For thy lov'd sake, far from the Sight of Man,
Fly to the pathless Wilds, and sacred Shades,
Where *Dryads* and the Mountain-Nymphs resort;
There beg the rural Deities to pity me,
To end my Woes, and let me on their Hills
Like *Cyparissus* grow a mournful Tree;
Or melt like Weeping *Byblis* to a Fountain.

Tel. Since Fate divides us then, since I must lose thee,
For Pity's sake, for Love's, oh suffer me
Thus languishing, thus dying to approach thee,
And sigh my last Adieu upon thy Bosom:
Permit me thus, to fold thee in my Arms,
To press thee to my Heart, to taste thy Sweets,
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight,
Thus for my last of Moments gaze upon thee,
Thou best—thou only Joy—thou lost *Semanthe*!

Sem. For ever I cou'd listen—But the Gods,
The cruel Gods forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember—oh remember me, *Telemachus*!
Perhaps thou wilt forget me; but no matter,
I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
The sad Companion of this faithful Breast,
While Life and Thought remain, and when at last
I feel the Icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-strings break, and all my Senses fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my closing Eye,
Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die. [Exit.

Manet

Manet Telemachus.

Tel. And whither wilt thou wander, thou forlorn
Abandon'd Wretch!—The King thy Father comes,
Fly from his angry Frown—No matter whither,
Seek for the darkeſt Covert of the Night,
Seek out for Death, and ſee if that can hide thee,
If there be any Refuge thou canſt prove,
Safe from purſuing Sorrow, Shame and anxious Love.
[Exit.

Enter Ulyſſes, Eumæus, and Attendants.

Ulyſſ. To doubt if there be Juſtice with the Gods,
Or if they care for ought below, were impious.
Oft have I try'd, and ever found 'em faithful,
In all the various Perils of my Life,
In Battels, in the miſt of flaming Troy,
In ſtormy Seas, in thoſe dread Regions where
Swathy *Cimmerians* have their dark Aboad,
Divided from this World, and Borderers on Hell;
Ev'n there the Providence of *Jove* was with me,
Defended, chear'd, and bore me thro' the Danger;
Nor is his Power, nor is my Virtue leſs,
That I ſhould fear this rude, tumultuous Herd.

Eum. So feeble is our Band, ſo few our Friends,
We hope not Safety from our ſelves, but thee;
In thee our King we truſt, in thee thou Hero,
Favour'd of Heav'n, in all thy Wars victorious.
But ſee where proud Rebellion comes againſt thee,
[Shout.

Securely fierce, and breathing bold Deſiance;
Now let our Courage and our Faith be try'd,

And

And if, unequal to thy great Example,
We cannot conquer like thee, yet we can die for thee.
*Shout ; Drums and Trumpets : Then enter Antinous,
Cleon and Soldiers.*

Ant. What bold Invader of our Laws and Freedom;
Usurps the Sacred Name of King in *Ithaca*?
Who dares to play the Tyrant in our State,
And in despite of hospitable *Jove*,
Defames our Island with the Blood of Strangers?

Ulyss. Have you forgot me then, you Men of *Ithaca*?
Did I for this, amongst the *Gracian* Heroes,
Go forth to Battle in my Country's Cause?
Have I by Arms, and by successful Counsels,
Deserv'd a Name from *Asia's* wealthy Shores,
Ev'n to the Western Ocean, to those Bounds
That mark the great *Alcides* utmost Labours,
And am I yet a Stranger here—at home?

Ant. And wherefore did'st thou leave those distant
Nations,
Through which thy Name and mighty Deeds were
spread?

We never sought to know thee, and now known
Regard thee not, unless it be to punish
Thy Violation of our publick Peace.

Ulyss. And dost thou dare, dost thou, audacious
Slave,

Thou rash Mifleader of this giddy Crowd,
Dost thou presume to match thy self with me,
To judge between a Monarch and his People?
If Heav'n had not appointed me thy Master,
Yet it had made me something more than thou art,
Then when it made me what I am—*Ulysses*.

Ans.

Ant. Then be *Ulysses*! Eccho it again,
And see what Homage these will pay the Sound;
[Pointing to the Soldiers.

'Tell 'em the Story of your *Trojan* Wars,
How *Hector* drove you headlong to the Shore,
And threw his hostile Fires amidst your Fleet;
Then mark with what Applause they will receive
thee.

Say, Countrymen, will you revenge the Princes
This Wanderer has slain, and join with me?

Omnes. *Antinous*! *Antinous*!

Ant. What of your Monarch?

Omnes. Drive him out to Banishment.

Ulyss. Were there no Gods in Heav'n, or were they
careless,

And *Jove* had long forgot to wield his Thunder,
And dart Destruction down on Crimes like thine;
Yet, Traitor, hope not thou to 'scape from Justice,
Nor let rebellious Numbers swell thy Pride;
For know, *Ulysses* is alone sufficient
To punish thee, and on thy perjur'd Head
Revenge the Wrongs of Love and injur'd Majesty.

Ant. And see I stand prepar'd to meet thy Ven-
geance;

Exert thy Kingly Pow'r, and summon all
Thy useful Arts and Courage to thy Aid;
And since thy faithful *Diomede* is absent,
Since valiant *Ajax*, with his Sevenfold Shield,
No more shall interpose 'twixt thee and Danger,
Invoke those friendly Gods whose Care thou art,
And let them save thee; now assert thy Cause,
And render back to thy despairing Arms

The

The beauteous Queen, whom in despite of them
And thee this happy Night I made my Prize.

Ulyss. Hear this, ye Gods! He triumphs in the Rape,
Most glorious Villain!—— But we pause too long;
On then, and tempt our Fate, my gallant Friends,
From this Desier of the Gods, this Monster,
Let us redeem my Queen, or die together:
And, equal to our great Forefather's Fame,
Descend and join those Demy-Gods of Greece,
Who with their Blood enrich'd the *Dardan* Plains,
To vindicate a Husband's sacred Right.

Shout: Then enter Arcas wounded.

Ant. What means that sudden Thunder-clap of Tumult?

Art thou not *Arcas*?—— Thou art faint and bloody.

Arc. I have paid you the last Office of my Friendship;
Scarce have I Breath enough to speak your Danger:
The furious *Samians*, led by young *Telemachus*,
Resistless, fierce, and bearing all before 'em,
Have from the Castle forc'd the captive Queen;
Fir'd with Success, they drive our fainting Troops,
And hither urge their Way with threat'ning Cries,
Loudly demanding your devoted Head,
A just Atonement for their murder'd Lord.

Ulyss. Celestial Pow'rs! ye Guardians of the Just!
This wond'rous Work is yours, and yours be all the Praise.

Ant. Confusion!—— Wherefore didst not thou proclaim
My Innocence, and warn them of their Error?

Arc. Behold these Wounds, through which my parting Soul

Is hasting forth, and judge my Truth by them :
 Whate'er I cou'd I urg'd in thy Defence,
 But all was vain; with clamorous Impatience
 They broke upon my Speech, and swore 'twas false.
 Their Queen, the fair *Semanthe*, had accus'd thee,
 And fix'd her Royal Father's Death on thee.
 If any Way be left yet, haste and fly;
 Th' inconstant faithless *Ithacans* join with 'em,
 And all is lost—What dearer Pledge than Life
 Can Friendship ask! Behold I give it for thee.

[Dies. [Shout

Ulyss. They come, Success and Happiness attend us,
Pallas, and my victorious Son fight for us.

Ant. Thou and thy Gods at last have got the better.

[To Ulysses.

Yet know I scorn to fly; that great Ambition,
 That bid me first aspire to Love and Empire,
 Still brightly burns, and animates my Soul.
 Be true my Sword, and let me fall reveng'd,
 And I'll forgive ill Fortune all besides.

[Ulysses, Antinous, and their Parties fight.

Enter Telemachus, Ceraunus, and Samian Soldiers, they
 join Ulysses, and drive Antinous, Cleon, and the rest
 off the Stage. Then enter at one Door Ulysses, at the
 other the Queen, Mentor and Attendants.

Ulyss. My Queen! My Love!

[Embracing.

Qu. My Hero! My Ulysses!

Once more thou art restor'd, once more I hold thee,
 At length the Gods have prov'd us to the utmost,
 Are satisfy'd with what we have endur'd,
 And never will afflict nor part us more.
 'Tis not in Words to tell thee what I've felt,

The

The Sorrows and the Fears, ev'n yet I tremble;
Ev'n yet the fierce *Idea's* shock my Soul,
And hardly yield to Wonder and to Joy.

Men. A Turn so happy, and so unexpected,
None but those over-ruling Pow'rs who caus'd it,
Cou'd have foreseen: The beauteous *Samian* Princess,
Within whose gentle Breast, Revenge and Tenderness
Long strove, and long maintain'd a doubtful Conflict,
At length was vanquish'd by prevailing Love;
And happily to save the Prince, imputed
To false *Antinous*, her Father's Death;
Heav'n has approv'd the Fraud of fond Affection,
The just Deceit, a Fallshood fair as Truth,
Since 'tis to that alone we owe your Safety.

Enter Telemachus.

Tel. Here let me kneel, and with my Tears atone

[*Kneeling.*

The rash Offences of my heedless Youth,

[*Ulyss. raises him.*

Here offer the first Trophies of my Sword,
And once more hail my Father King of *Ithaca*.

Antinous, the Rebel Faction's Chief,
Is now no more, and your repenting People
Wait with united Homage to receive you;
The Strangers too, to whom we owe our Conquest,
Haste to embark, and set their swelling Sails
To bear the sad *Semantke* back to *Samos*;
Joy like the chearful Morning dawns on all,
And none but your unhappy Son shall mourn.

Ulyss. Like thee the Pangs of parting Love I've
known,

My

My Heart like thine has bled——But oh! my Son,
 Sigh not, nor of the common Lot complain,
 Thou that art born a Man, art born to Pain;
 For Proof, behold my tedious twenty Years
 All spent in Toil, and exercis'd in Cares:
 'Tis true, the gracious Gods are kind at last,
 And well reward me here for all my Sorrows past.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fifth ACT.

F I N I S.

